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A

BANQUET of the MUSES:

OR, THE

Miscellany of Miscellanies.

BEING A

COLLECTION

OF

Choice and Entertaining Subjects in Verse
and Prose, by the most eminent Authors.

Among which are the following Pieces, viz.

- | | |
|-------------------------------|----------------------------|
| The Broken Mug, an Elegy. | The Penitent Rake. |
| The Kiss, &c. | The Skiller. |
| The Old Cheese. | On Providence. |
| Caleb and Tabitha. | The City Wedding. |
| Epitaph on a Careless Couple. | Story of Inkle and Yarico. |
| Winter, a Poem. | The Farmer and Monkey. |
| Free-thinker converted. | A Simile for the Ladies. |
| The Two Rakes. | Corydon and Phillis. |
| The Tea Table. | Baucis and Philomon. |
| The English Padlock. | The Artful Wife. |
| The Generous Turk. | A Pastoral Farce. |
| The Female Volunteer. | Fables, Epigrams, &c. |

Adorn'd with a Variety of Cuts.

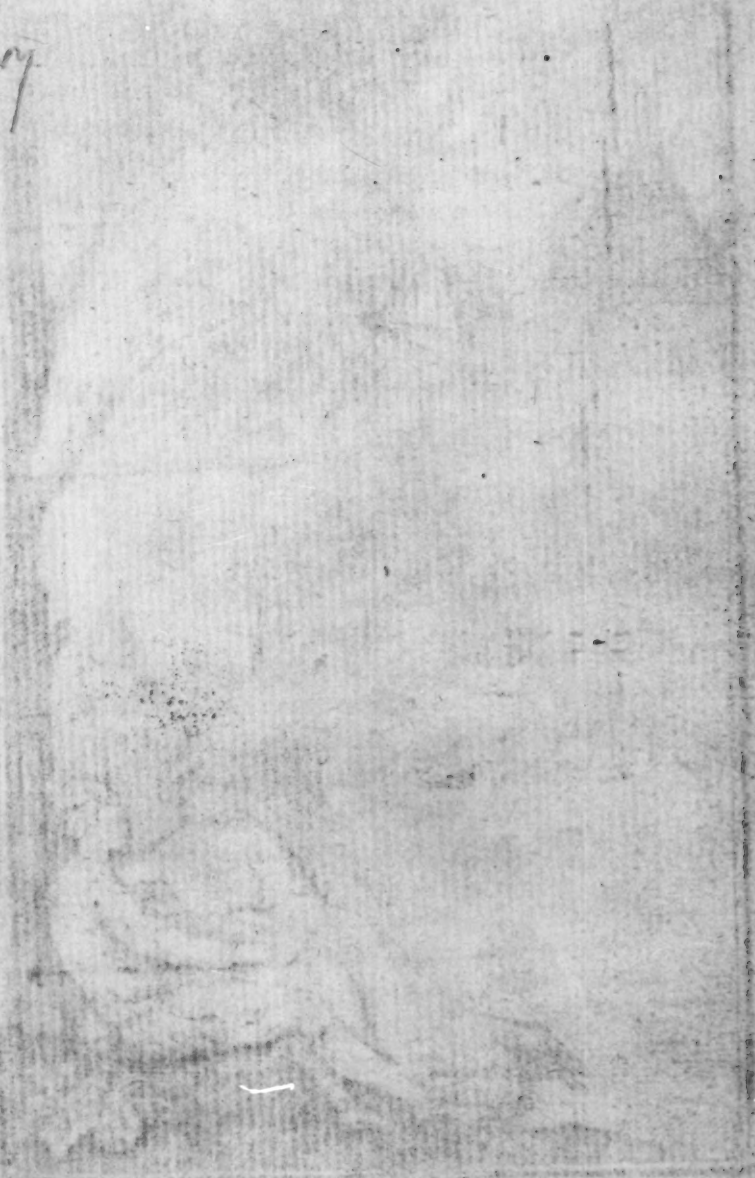
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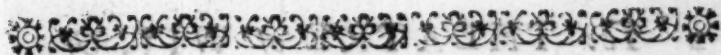
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Booksellers in Town and Country. 1746.

While Censure and Justice rules our British Isle

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T H E

Theatre of WIT, &c. ..

The BROKEN MUG, An ELEGY.

O W shall I now the Nine invoke;
 Since all my comfort's crack'd and broke?
 Then let my sorrows have some vent,
 Proportion'd to my discontent;
 In all affairs of human life,
 So intermix'd with joy and strife,
 My *Mug* so sweeten'd all my care,
 My sorrows still were drowned there.
 This, with an honest jolly friend,
 To anxious thoughts could put an end,
 Which still clos'd up the toils of day,
 And made the minutes glide away.
 But now I have no *Mug* to drink,
 Nor scarce the pow'r to write, or think.
 Assist ye Nymphs, with wit and skill,
 A native of *Parnassus'* hill,
 Who now implores the sacred Nine,
 To raise his thoughts in every line;
 Your property is not to stint,
 Or give a *Mug* with nothing in't.
 Since Bards are subject to be dry,
 We beg before our skill we try,
 A draught of the *Castalian* spring,
 To clear our pipes before we sing.
 This *Mug* which I lament in tears,
 Hath serv'd me well for many years.
 That useful piece of furniture,
 Is broke, and shatter'd, past all cure.

A

Nor

2 *The* THEATRE of WIT, *Or,*

Nor can it e'er be hoop'd with tin,
 As other broken *Mugs* have been;
 Whose ruptures, cur'd by tinker's trufs,
 Are still of special use to us.
 But now, alas! 'tis all in vain,
 To join thy particles again.
 What cost would I on thee bestow,
 To have thee now in *statu quo*.
 Thou *Mug*, the subject of my song,
 Should'st not lie still, nor empty long;
 In silver hoops thou should'st appear,
 Well tipp'd, and frothing, full of beer;
 Whose fragrant bubbles gently fall,
 'Till, by degrees, contracted small,
 They on thy centre form a rose,
 So grateful to our eyes and nose;
 Whose mantling juice does far out-shine
 The sparkling of the choicest wine.
 It was a family old *Mug*,
 At which our friends did often tug;
 'Twas bought when I was but a youth,
 And Grannum says, upon her truth,
 A finer *Mug* was never bought,
 Altho' it cost her but a groat;
 The potter surely play'd his part,
 For 'twas a master-piece of art.
 He form'd it of well-temper'd stuff,
 To make it durable and tough.
 The concave and the convex white,
 Appear'd most pleasing to the sight.
 'Twould puzzle *Euclid* or *Descart*,
 To take dimensions of each part.
 The base whereon it stood was round,
 The rest with various shapes abound,
 Not truly spherical, nor conick,
 Cylindrical, nor parabolick;

A BANQUET of the MUSES. 3

All from the bottom to the ear,
 Was like the *Frustrum* of a sphere;
 The rest much like that of a cone,
 To which was fix'd one ear alone,
 Tho' one shou'd think another lug,
 Might well become so large a *Mug*.
 But be it known unto you, sirs,
 Some modern wise Geometers,
 Thought it a surer way and quicker,
 To fill the *Mug* with humming liquor.
 Then handling it from north to south,
 They took the gauge by word of mouth,
 For when it went full nine times round,
 By long experience they had found,
 It held two quarts by estimation,
 And some few tenths by calculation;
 Then to compleat what they begun,
 They inch'd it like a brewer's tun;
 And in a minute wou'd descry,
 Their several inches wet or dry.
 They estimated near enough,
 A conick or cylindrick hoof;
 Whene'er the *Mug* was on a stoop,
 They told the ullage to a sup.
 It serv'd a double^d prentice-ship,
 And never got a crack or slip,
 Until by chance the other day,
 (To shew the frailty of our clay)
 It got a most unlucky fall,
 Which may be warning to us all;
 For let us live to *Nestor's* age,
 We must at last go off the stage.
 'Twas made in *Anna's* glorious reign,
 And always kept both sweet and clean;
 Her health was often drank thereout,
 In *March* or in *October* stout.

4 *The* THEATRE of WIT, Or,

It went about just with the sun,
 And in a circle still did run ;
 'Twould drain a cellar e'er so deep,
 And from an inundation keep,
 That quarter of the town, you know,
 Where high spring-tides do overflow,
 For in a day it would exhale,
 The L—d knows how much beer or ale.
 Nor could it lose it's virtue quite,
 'Till it was nine or ten at night ;
 It was a planet without doubt,
 For day and night it went about,
 And had its periodick times,
 As regular as *Christ*-church-chimes ;
 Then by nocturnal observation,
 We found its virtue and pulsation ;
 (When like the sun it ebb'd and flow'd)
 Its various operations show'd,
 And different influence on men,
 About the hours of eight and ten.
 'Twas on a day, some friends and I,
 Were seated on *Parnassus* high,
 My friends began to hem and cough,
 With voices hoarse and very rough,
 By long debating *Pro* or *Con*,
 Whether the earth mov'd, or the sun,
 Who writ the best philosophy,
Copernicus or *Ptolemy*,
 Whether they were not both out-done,
 By *Newton's* principles alone.
 Tho' now the mode, 'tis not my way,
 To entertain my friends with tea ;
 We Bards don't love our drink too new,
 Nor can we spare the time to brew :
 We use no tea nor coffee here,
 They're both insipid and too dear,

They

A BANQUET of the MUSES. 5

They never can clear up the brain,
 Or put us in a merry vein:
 To some it gives ill-natur'd fits,
 While base *Detractors* pass for wits,
 From whose vile censure who is free,
 All suffer by *their rash decree*.
 I guess'd my *brother bards* were dry,
 Then begg'd a *Nymph* who lives hard by,
 To step to *Helicon* in haste,
 And bring the *Mug* full of the best.
 In haste as she tripp'd down the stairs,
 With graceful air, but unawares,
 Precipitating on her hoop,
 As she ran downwards made her stoop;
 Down fell the *Nymph*, the *Mug* and all,
 The loss was great, and great the fall.
 The *Nymph* return'd with nimble foot,
 But got her finger sorely cut;
 The tidings told with panting breath,
 How she escap'd a sudden death.
 The shatter'd limbs — oh dire mishap!
 She brought up gather'd in her lap,
 With fractures of the *Mug* so small,
 No art cou'd e'er cement them all;
 Thou best of *Mugs*, adieu, adieu,
 Since I am doom'd to follow you;
 I am but clay, and so wert thou,
 When I go off, or where, or how
 I cannot tell, but still must strive,
 To keep this *Microcosm* alive,
 To wet my clay as it grows dry,
 Lest it should into *Atoms* fly.

6. *The* THEATRE of WIT, Or,

The KISS, and KISS Return'd.

AS *John* the sailor, and his lass,
One morn were tripping o'er the grass;
To gather *White thorn*, as they say,
It being on the first of *May*,
They did a jolly captain meet,
And courteously each other greet.
First, *John* the sailor touch'd his hat,
The captain bow'd, began to chat,
Saying, *John*, pray how came this to pass?
Where pick'd you up this comely lass,
With rosy cheeks, and sparkling eyes,
Those snowy breasts that fall and rise?
Tempting to some more secret bliss,
Oh! *John* I must, — must have a kiss;
And you, whene'er you meet my dame,
Shall welcome be to do the same.

Now some days after, being fair,
The captain walk'd to take the air;
Led in his hand his lovely bride,
Which luckily young *Johnny* spy'd;
And bowing said, sir, you know what,
I hope you han't your word forgot:
No, *John*, he answer'd, by my life,
'Tis your turn now, — see, here's my wife.
John smiling, cock'd his hat aside,
and boldly kiss'd the captain's bride,
Crying, Oh! ye Gods, I'd give a crown
Had he but laid my *Nancy* down,
I'd had—had what, reply'd the dame:
A licence to have done the same.

The



7

The OLD CHEESE, Or,
SLOUCH's Request.

Young *Slouch* the farmer had a jolly wife,
That knew all the conveniencies of life,
Whose diligence and cleanliness supply'd,
The wit which nature had to him deny'd;
But then she had a tongue that would be heard,
And make a better man than *Slouch* afear'd.
This made censorious persons of the town
Say, *Slouch* could hardly call his foul his own:
For if he went abroad too much, she'd use
To give him slippers, and lock up his shoes.
Talking he lov'd, and ne'er was more afflicted
Than when he was disturb'd or contradicted:
Yet still into his story she would break,
With, 'Tis not so—Pray give me leave to speak.
His friends thought this was a tyrannic rule,
Not differing much from calling of him, Fool;
Told him he must exert himself, and be
In fact the master of his family.
He said, that the next *Tuesday* noon would show
Whether he were the Lord at home, or no;
When their good company he would entreat
To well-brew'd ale, and clean, if homely, meat.
With aching heart home to his wife he goes,
And on his knees does his rash act disclose,
And prays dear *Sukey*, that one day at least,
He might appear as master of the feast.
I'll grant your wish, she cries, that thou may'st see
'Twere wisdom to be govern'd still by me.
The guests upon the day appointed came,
Each bowfy farmer with his simp'ring dame.
Hoe! *Sue!* cries *Slouch*, why dost thou not appear?
Are these thy manners when aunt *Snap* is here?
I pardon ask, says *Sue*, I'd not offend
Any my dear invites, much less his friend. *Slouch*

8 *The* THEATRE of WIT, Or,

Slouch had been taught at dinner time to greet
His friends, by saying nothing's fit to eat;
The boil'd pork stinks, the roast beef's not enough,
The bacon's rusty, and the hens are tough;
The veal's all rags, the butter's turn'd to oil;
And thus I buy good meat for fluts to spoil.

'Tis we are the first *Slouches* ever fat
Down to a pudding without plumbs or fat.
What teeth or stomach's strong enough to feed
Upon a goose my grannum kept to breed?
Why must old pigeons, and they stale, be drest,
When there's so many squab ones in the nest;
This beer is four, this musty, thick, and stale,
And worse than any thing except the ale.

Sue all this while many excuses made,
Some things she own'd, at other times she laid }
The fault on chance, but oftener on the maid. }
Then cheese was brought. Says *Slouch*, This e'en
shall roll:

I'm sure 'tis hard enough to make a bowl:
This is skim milk, and therefore it shall go,
And this, because 'tis *Suffolk*, follow too.
But now *Sue*'s patience did begin to waste,
Nor longer could dissimulation last.

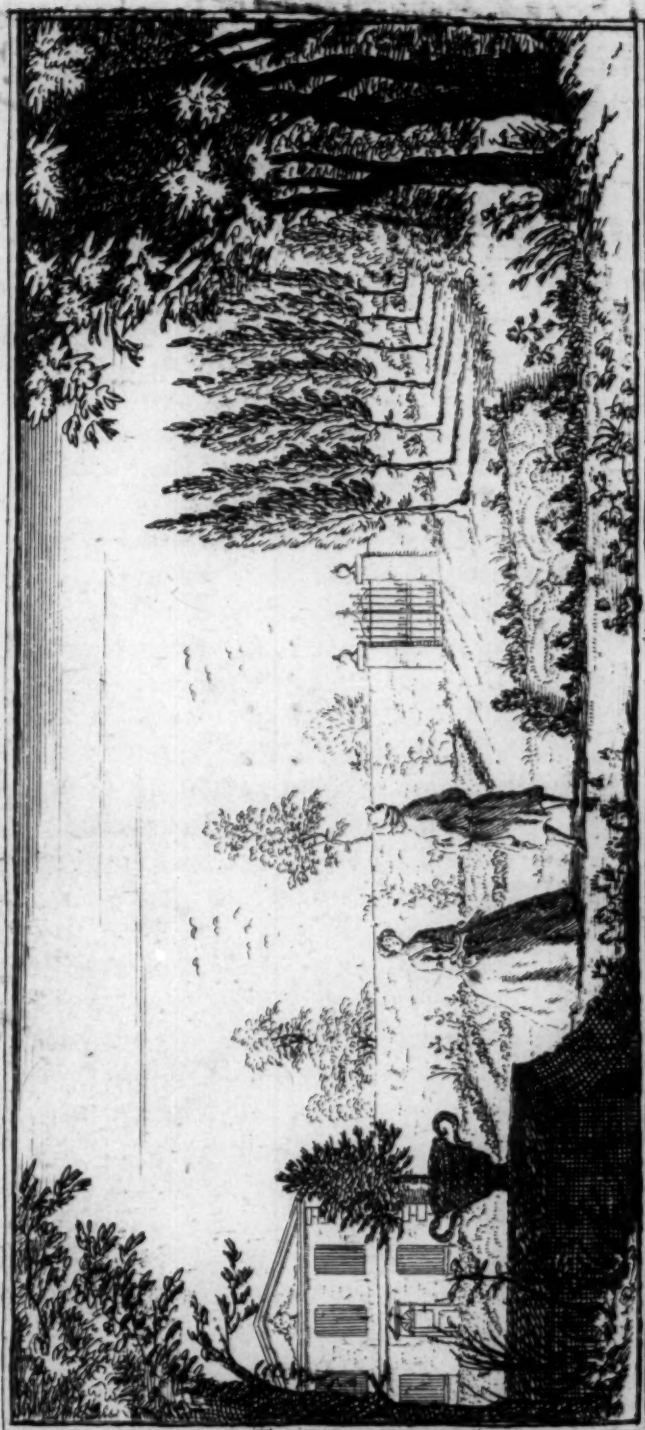
Pray let me rise, says *Sue*; my dear, I'll find
A cheese perhaps may be to love's mind.

Then in an entry, standing close, where he
Alone, and none of all his friends might see:
And brandishing a cudgel he had felt,
And far enough on this occasion smelt;

I'll try, my joy, she cry'd, if I can please
My dearest with a taste of this old cheese.

Slouch turn'd his head, saw his wife's vigorous hand
Wielding her oaken sapling of command,

Knew well the twang: Is't the old cheese, my dear? }
No need, no need of cheese, cries *Slouch*, I'll swear: }
I think I've din'd as well as my Lord Mayor. }



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ABANQUET of the MUSES. 9

The ESPOUSAL. A Dialogue

By Mr. GAY.

C A L E B. T A B I T H A.

BENEATH the shadow of a beaver hat,
Meek *Caleb* at a silent meeting fate;
His eye-balls oft' forgot the holy trance,
While *Tabitha* demure, return'd the glance;
The meeting ended, *Caleb* silence broke,
And *Tabitha* her inward yearnings spoke.

C A L E B.

Beloved, see how all things follow love,
Lamb fondleth lamb, and dove disports with dove
Yet fondled lambs their innocence secure,
And none can call the turtle's bill impure;
O fairest of our sisters, let me be,
The billing dove, and fondling lamb to thee.

T A B I T H A.

But, *Caleb*, know that birds of gentle mind
Elect a mate among the sober kind;
Not the mockaws, all deck'd in scarlet pride;
Entice their mild and modest hearts aside:
But thou, vain man, beguil'd by popish shows,
Doatest on ribbands, flounces, furbelows.
If thy false heart be fond of tawdry dyes,
Go, wed the painted arch in summer skies:
Such love will like the rainbow's hue decay,
Strong at the first, but passeth soon away.

C A L E B.

Name not the frailties of my youthful days,
When vice mis-led me through the harlot's ways;
When I with wanton look thy sex beheld,
And nature with each wanton look rebell'd;

Then

10 *The* THEATRE of WIT, Or,

Then parti-colour'd pride my heart might move,
With lace; the net to catch unhallow'd love.
All such-like love is fading as the flower,
Springs in a day, and withereth in an hour;
But now I feel the spousal love within,
And spousal love no sister holds a sin.

TABITHA.

I know thou longest for the flaunting maid,
Thy falsehood own, and say I am betray'd;
The tongue of man is blisser'd o'er with lies,
But truth is ever read in woman's eyes;
O that my lip obey'd a tongue like thine!
Or that thine eye bewray'd a love like mine!

CALEB.

How bitter are thy words! forbear to reaze,
I too might blame—but love delights to please.
Why should I tell thee, that when last the sun
Painted the downy peach of *Newington*,
Josiah led thee thro' the garden's walk,
And mingled melting kisses with his talk?
Ah Jealousy! turn, turn thine eyes aside,
How can I see that watch adorn thy side?
For verily no gift the sisters take
For lust of gain, but for the giver's sake.

TABITHA.

I own, *Josiah* gave the golden toy,
Which did the righteous hand of *Quare* employ;
When *Caleb* hath assign'd some happy day,
I look on this and chide the hours delay:
And when *Josiah* would his love pursue,
On this I look and shun his wanton view.
Man but in vain with trinkets tries to move,
The only present love demands is love.

CALEB.

Ah *Tabitha*, to hear these words of thine,
My pulse beats high, as if inflam'd with wine!

When

A BANQUET of the MUSES. 11

When to the brethren first with fervent zeal
The spirit mov'd thy yearnings to reveal,
How did I joy thy trembling lip to see
Red as the cherry from the *Kentish* tree;
When Ecstasie had warm'd thy look so meek,
Gardens of roses blushed on thy cheek.
With what sweet transport didst thou roll thine eyes,
How did thy words provoke thy brethren's sighs!
Words that with holy sighs might others move,
But, *Tabitha*, thy sighs were sighs of love.

T A B I T H A.

Is *Tabitha* beyond her wishes blest?
Does no proud worldly dame divide thy breast?
Then hear me, *Caleb*, witness what I speak,
This solemn promise death alone can break;
Sooner I would badeck my brow with lace,
And with immodest fav'rites shades my face,
Sooner like *Babylon's* lewd whore be drest
In flaring di'monds and a scarlet vest,
Or make a curtzie in cathedral pew;
Than prove inconstant, while my *Caleb's* true.

C A L E B.

When I prove false, and *Tabitha* forsake,
Teachers shall dance a jig at country wake;
Brethren unbeaver'd then shall bow their head,
And with prophane mince-pies our babes be fed.

T A B I T H A.

If that *Josiah* were with passion fir'd,
Warm as the zeal of youth when first inspir'd;
In steady love though he might persevere,
Unchanging as the decent garb we wear?
And thou wert fickle as the wind that blows,
Light as the feather on the head of beaus;
Yet I for thee would all thy sex resign,
Sisters, take all the rest — be *Caleb* mine.

C A L E B.

32 *The* THEATRE *of* WIT, *Or,*

C A L E B.

Though I had all the sinful love affords,
And all the concubines of all the Lords,
Whose couches creak with whoredom's sinful shame,
Whose velvet chairs are with adult'ry lame;
Ev'n in the harlot's hall, I would not sip
The dew of lewdness from her lying lip;
I'd shun her paths, upon thy mouth to dwell,
More sweet than powder which the merchants sell;
O solace me with kisses pure like thine!
Enjoy, ye lords, the wanton concubine.
The spring now calls us forth; come sister, come,
To see the primrose and the daisie bloom.
Let ceremony bind the worldly pair,
Sisters esteem the breth'rens word sincere.

T A B I T H A.

Espousals are but forms. O lead me hence,
For secret love can never give offence.

Then hand in hand the loving mates withdraw,
True love is nature unrestrain'd by law.
This tenet all the holy sect allows.
So *Tabitha* took earnest of a spouse,

Am

An EPIGRAPH on a Careless Couple.

*Stet quicunque volet potens
Aulæ culmine lubrico, &c.*

SENEC.

INTE RR'D beneath this marble stone,
Lie saunt'ring *Jack*, and idle *Joan*.
While rolling threescore years and one
Did round this globe their courses run;
If human things went ill or well;
If changing empires rose or fell;
The morning past, the evening came,
And found this couple still the same.
They walk'd and eat, good folks: What then?
Why then, they walk'd and eat again:
They soundly slept the night away:
They did just nothing all the day:
And having bury'd children four,
Wou'd not take pains to try for more.
Nor sister either had, nor brother;
They seem'd just tally'd for each other.
Their moral and oeconomy
Most perfectly they made agree:
Each virtue kept it's proper bound,
Nor trespass'd on the other's ground.
Nor fame, nor censure they regarded:
They neither punish'd nor rewarded.
He car'd not what the footmen did:
Her maids she neither prais'd nor chid:
So ev'ry servant took his course;
And bad at first, they all grew worse.
Slothful disorder fill'd his stable;
And fluttish plenty deck'd her table.

Their

14 *The* THEATRE of WIT, Or,

Their beer was strong ; their wine was *Port* ;

Their meal was large ; their grace was short.

They gave the poor the remnant-meat,

Just when it grew not fit to eat.

They paid the church and parish rate ;

And took, but read not the receipt :

For which they claim'd their *Sunday's* due,

Of slumb'ring in an upper pew.

No man's defects sought they to know ;

So never made themselves a foe.

No man's good deeds did they commend ;

So never rais'd themselves a friend.

Nor cherish'd they relations poor :

That might decrease their present store :

Nor barn nor house did they repair,

That might oblige their future heir.

They neither added, nor confounded :

They neither wanted, nor abounded.

Each *Christmas* they accompts did clear ;

And wound their bottom round the year.

Nor tear, nor smile did they employ

At news of publick grief, or joy.

When bells were rung, and bonfires made ;

If ask'd, they ne'er deny'd their aid :

Their jugg was to the ringers carried ;

Who ever either dy'd, or marry'd.

Their billet at the fire was found ;

Who ever was depos'd, or crown'd.

Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor wise ;

They wou'd not learn, nor cou'd advise :

Without love, hatred, joy, or fear,

They led — a kind of — as it were :

Nor wish'd, nor car'd, nor laugh'd, nor cry'd ;

And so they liv'd ; and so they dy'd.

WINTER,

A BANQUET of the MUSES. 15

WINTER, A Poem.

By Mr. PHILIPS.

NOW frowning winter knits his awful brow,
And shrouds the mountains in a veil of snow
With icy chains, each lake and river's bound;
And crystal fountains cease their bubbling sound.
The hoary season here conceals from sight,
All pleasing objects that to verse invite.
The hills and vales, and the delightful woods;
The flowry plains, and silver streaming floods,
By snow disguis'd, in bright confusion lye?
And with one dazling waste fatigue the eye.
The ruling cold retards the coming spring,
No birds within the desert region sing.
The ships unmov'd the boist'rous winds defy,
While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.
The vast *Leviathan* wants room to play;
And spout his waters in the face of day:
The starving wolves along the main sea prowl,
And to the moon in icy valleys howl.
For many a shining league the level main,
Here spreads itself into a glassy plain:
And there the frozen billows of enormous size,
Alpes of green ice, in wild disorder rise,
And yet but lately have I seen, e'en here,
The winter in a lovely dress appear.
E'er yet the clouds let fall the treasur'd snow,
Or stormy winds thick hazy weahter blow.
First, a keen eastern breeze at ev'ning rose;
Then, the descending rain unfulkied froze.
Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,
The ruddy morn disclos'd at once to view.
The fall of nature in a rich disguise,
And brighten'd ev'ry object to my eyes.

For

16 *The* THEATRE of WIT, *Or,*

For ev'ry shrub, and ev'ry blade of grass;
 And ev'ry pointed thorn, seem'd wrought in glass.
 In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,
 While through the ice the crimson berries glow.
 The thick sprung reeds the slabby marshes yield,
 Seem polish'd lances in a hostile field.
 The stag in limpid currents with surprize,
 Sees chrystal branches on his forehead rise.
 The spreading oak, the beach, and tow'ring pine,
 Glaz'd over, in the freezing æther shine.
 The frightened birds the rattling branches shun,
 That wave and glisten in the distant sun.
 When if a sudden gust of wind arise,
 The brittle forest into atoms flies:
 A spangled shower from every tree descends,
 And the bright scene in costly ruin ends.
 Or if a southern gale the region warm
 And by degrees unbinds the wintry charm:
 The traveller a miry country sees,
 And journeys sad beneath the dropping trees.

The Disappointed F R I A R.

FRIER Paul in his cell made his exit of late
 By the gravel some say, but no matter for that.
 He dy'd, that's enough; and, if storys say right,
 Arriv'd at hell gate in a pitiful plight.
 Who's there says the demon on guard; quoth the
 other.

A guilty poor priest Sir, a catholick brother.
 Halt instantly halt, cries the centry stand clear,
 Go, be dam'd some where else, for you shan't en-
 ter here.

I'll trust no such savage, no wretch so uncivil.
 Who above eat his god, may below eat the devil.

A BANQUET of the MUSES. 17

*The DISPUTE Ended, Or,
CONTRADICTION Rewarded.*

A FABLE.

ONE of the contradicting sex
Practic'd in every art to vex,
Brimful of spirit and debate,
The constant breather of her mate,
Eager with words to take the field,
First to attack, and last to yield;
Or wrong, or right, or friends or foes,
(Her sole delight was to oppose :)
Disputing near a river's side,
With her too often yielding bride
Fell in, and struggling, squal'd and dy'd. }
The husband bending o'er the brink
With great composure, saw her sink ;
He flung his arms across his breast,
'Til he was sure she was at rest :
Then beg'd his neighbours skill and pains,
With hooks to search her dear remains.
The nimblest of 'em stript and down
The current pok'd to catch her gown,
Supposing that way she was driven,
But they alas, were all deceiven :
Her wiser spouse who pensive stood,
And saw their labour in the flood ;
Give o'er your search that way, he cry'd,
You'll never find her with the tide ;
For if you shou'd, my friends, the water,
I'm sure must strangely change her nature.
Try upwards, if I right have guest,
(Allow, I know her temper best)

18 *The* THEATRE of WIT, Or,

She never yielded, while alive,
And to the last, I think wou'd strive.

THE fair perhaps, at this will fret,
Crying, why are we so pointed at;
Would not such fancy making tales,
Fit wrangling disputatious males?
To please the fair, we'll shift the scene,
Instead of women put it men;
This change no way affects the story,
The moral still returns before ye.

Who're bread to contradictory strains,
Will contradict while breath remains.

The DOUBLE ENTENDRE.

An EPIGRAM.

YOUNG *Strephon* working hard all day,
'Til the declining sun,
By stooping to embrace the sea,
Tells him the day is done.

Then to his young wife home he hies,
With his sore labour sped,
Who bids him welcome home, and cries,
Pray husband come to bed.

Thanks wife the artful swain reply'd,
I then were surely blest,
Hadst thou from all my daily toils
But call'd me to my rest.

A BANQUET of the MUSES. 19

The FREETHINKER converted.

SIR *Fopling*, crost in love and stript at play,
Pensive and grumbling on his pillow lay;
How vain, says he, are all things here below,
Sway'd by a *Woman*, or a fickle *Throw*?
Is this the boasted pow'r of human souls,
Which fortune or a foolish wench controuls?
No, we are slaves; our nature is a cheat,
And reason serves to shew us the deceit,
The servile tools of providence we live,
Content with what the heav'n's vouchsafe to give:
Life on such niggard terms I scorn to keep,
Death take me hence—He spoke and dropt asleep.

WHEN to his fancy there appear'd a spright,
Such as old wives, upon a winter night,
Describe, to keep the naughty boys in awe.
With too long spindle shanks, a lantern jaw,
Nor flesh nor skin the phantom seem'd to have,
Ycleped *death*, the monarch of the grave,
A tyrant, dreaded by the old and young,
His dry bone rattled as he stalk'd along.

KIND heav'n, says he, has heard thy urgent prayer,
And takes thee from a world beneath thy care;
Lo! thus I execute his high command,
And shook the hour-glass in his scraggy hand,
Then poizing for the blow his barbed dart,
Aim'd it directly at the coxcomb's heart.

SIR *Fopling*, startled at the fancy'd stroke,
Shrunk from the point and in his fears awoke;
A cold damp sweat his dewy cheeks o'erspread,
And his limbs trembled all with panick dread,
Upon his knees the gracious pow'rs he bless'd,
And the presumption of his heart confess'd:
Quite alter'd now from what he was before,
He rakes and rattles and blasphemes no more,

Grows

20 *The* THEATRE of WIT, Or,
Grows a mere faint, converted in a fright,
And says his pray'rs devoutly ev'ry night.

The two R A K E S, a Tale, from de
la Fontain.

F *Reeman* and *Wild*, two hot young gallants,
Fam'd thro' the town for swinging talents,
At making, or at acting love;

And *Beaux* too, over and above:

Like friends, enjoy'd a buxom woman,

(Like friends indeed, you'll say) in common.

Now one of these two sparks attack'd her

So furiously, so like a *Hector*,

He got a girl, who to a tittle

Her mother's picture was in little.

When both *Jack Freeman* and *Ned Wild*,

Were call'd to see the chopping child;

Both own the babe! (and who would not?)

Sweet as the sin, by which 'twas got!

Ned, that he's sure he got her cries,

She has his dimples, and his eyes.

That it was his, *Jack Freeman* swore,

For she resembled him all o'er —

The dev'l was not more like a *Moor*,

But when, at length, the girl began

To grow capacious of a man,

Changing their minds, each spark chose rather

to be the sinner than the father.

Cries *Wild* to *Freeman*, *Jack*, by G—d

This girl is thy own flesh and blood,

The very leer of leud *Jack Freeman*. —

No zounds that sham won't pass on me, man,

(Cries *Freeman* to his brother *Wild*)

Mine is the lass, and thine the child. —

Cries *Wild* to *Freeman*, thou'lt be damn'd —

Ay, ay, *Ned*, — but I won't be sham'd.

A BANQUET of the MUSES. 21

A humorous DESCRIPTION of a Morning in London.

NOW hardly here and there a hackney coach
Appearing, shew'd the ruddy morn's approach.
Now *Betty* from her master's bed had flown,
And softly stole to discompose her own.
The slipshod 'prentice from his master's door,
Had par'd the street, and springled round the floor.
Now *Moll* had whirl'd her mop with dext'rous airs,
Prepar'd to scrub the entry and the stairs.
The youth with broomy stumps began to trace
The kennel edge, where wheels had worn the place.
The smallcoal-man was heard with cadence deep,
'Til drown'd in shriller notes of chimney-sweep.
Duns at his lordship's gate began to meet;
And brickdust *Moll* had scream'd thro' half a street.
The turn-key now his flock returning sees,
Duly let out a' nights to steal for fees.
The watchful bailiffs take their silent stands;
And school-boys lag with fatchels in their hands.

RESIGNATION a Virtue.

Richard o'th' the green grown old and very poor,
For Sunday's change had but the shirt he wore :
Wakes, fairs, or markets, or whatever came,
He wore his linen turn'd, but still the same.
Whene'er 'twas wash'd, or when a bleaching spread,
He strip'd to buff, and lay the while in bed.
At last as drying in the sun-shine laid,
Some thief that made no conscience of his trade,
(A faithless trimbush who ne'er fail'd the sport,)
Skulk'd sily by, and stole away the shirt:
The good old wife screams out aloud, undone!
O husband! gaffer! O thy shirt is gone!
He cries in bed—peace, fool, is that such news?
Those that have something, they must something lose.

LAW,

22 *The* THEATRE of WIT, Or,

LAW, a bottomless Pit, or, the Folly of
seeing Counsel.

Where Two claim the same Right.

An EPIGRAM.

A Poor man once a judge besought,
To judge aright his cause,
And with a pot of oil salutes
This judger of the laws.
My friend, quoth he, thy cause is good:
He glad away did trudge;
Anon his wealthy foe come in,
Before this partial judge.
An hog well fed this churl presents,
And craves a strain in law.
The hog receiv'd, the poor man's right
Was judg'd not worth a straw.
Therewith he cry'd. O! partial judge,
Thy doom has me undone;
When oil I gave, my cause was good,
But now to ruin run.
Poor man, quoth he, I thee forgot,
And see thy cause of foil;
An hog came since into my house,
And broke the pot of Oil.

An EPIGRAM.

*Said to be written by D. Swift, on his own
Deafness*

DEAF, giddy, helpless, left alone,
To all my friends a burthen grown,
No more I hear my church's bell,
Than if it rang out for my knell:
At thunder now no more I start,
Than at a rumbling of a cart:
Nay, what's incredible, alack!
Can hardly hear a woman's clack.

The

A BANQUET of the MUSES. 23

The TEA-TABLE. Imitated from
Dean Swift.

O Gentle Muse, my artless theme inspire,
And warm my bosom with poetic fire,
While I relate assist my faltering rhyme,
Women's delight, and how they pass their time.

Most love-sweet music, balls and masquerades;
Some love the town, and some the rural shades;
Some love quadrille, will sit all night to play,
And think it soon, if up at twelve next day.

All love new suits, new fashions, and new faces,
And costly nick-knacks brought from foreign places:
Some love to sleep their precious time away, }
Some take delight with senseless dogs to play, }
And some in taking snuff consume the day.

Few love their home; most love from home to be;
But all love gaming, gossiping, and tea.

A scene of which now opens to your view;
Here's bread and butter, tea, and sugar too:
All things in order, ev'ry gossip's come,
And silence quickly's banish'd from the room.

Thus they begin—Pray madam, how d'ye do? }
Lord! I han't seen you, not this day or two! }

No, you ne'er come, one may be dead for you. }

Believe me, ma'm, I'm mighty ill to day,

At cards last night sat very late to play;

Lost; O my stars! how ill my fortune ran.

Lord! Captain Gailey is a clever man;

How tall's he is! majestic he walks!

He sings most charming! and most sweetly talks!

He is! O me—hush not a tittle more,

Forehere's the captain just against the door;

Ha! so he is, I solemnly declare,

Talk of the Devil, and his imps appear.

Cap. Ladies, your slave; what captain! pray come in,

You're quite a stranger, sir, which way h've you been?

24 *The* THEATRE of WIT, Or;

Cap. Been to the De'l, believe me m'am 'tis true.

Miss smiles at that, young lady how d'ye do?

Miss. Do, with my hands; — true *Miss*, I vow
you're right,

How sharp you be, I find you're grown polite.

E're since the *Dean's* court grammar has been writ,
Our modern ladies all o'erflow with wit.

Lady. Captain, sit down, excuse me, madam, pray,
I am so hurried up and down to day,

I can't, I vow, my business calls me hence:

Sit down I say, that's only your pretence?

Here, bring a chair,—excuse me, ladies, now;

I must be gone, I cannot stay, I vow.

One waits me yonder, I your pardon crave;

Another time, so ladies I'm your slave:

Then captain yours;—They tend him to the door,

And talk about him for two hours more;

His humour, air, his dress, and ev'ry part,

Which quickly fathom'd each kind female's heart.

Thus as they talk, in comes my lady *Tattle*;

And thus again, they all renew their prattle,

I'm glad to see you, madam, pray sit down,

And how d'ye do? what news d'ye hear in town?

How does your spouse! can little master walk?

Is *Fanny* wedd? or is it only talk?

Tattle. *Fanny* is wedd. I can affirm it true,

Tho' 'tis a secret, I tell it none but you.

But now 'tis spoke, each female lays her tongue on't,

And half the parish in two hours rung on't,

So quick, so loud, their nimble tattles run,

Of who's miscarried, married, or undone.

How *Sally's* crooked, and how *Cloe's* fair,

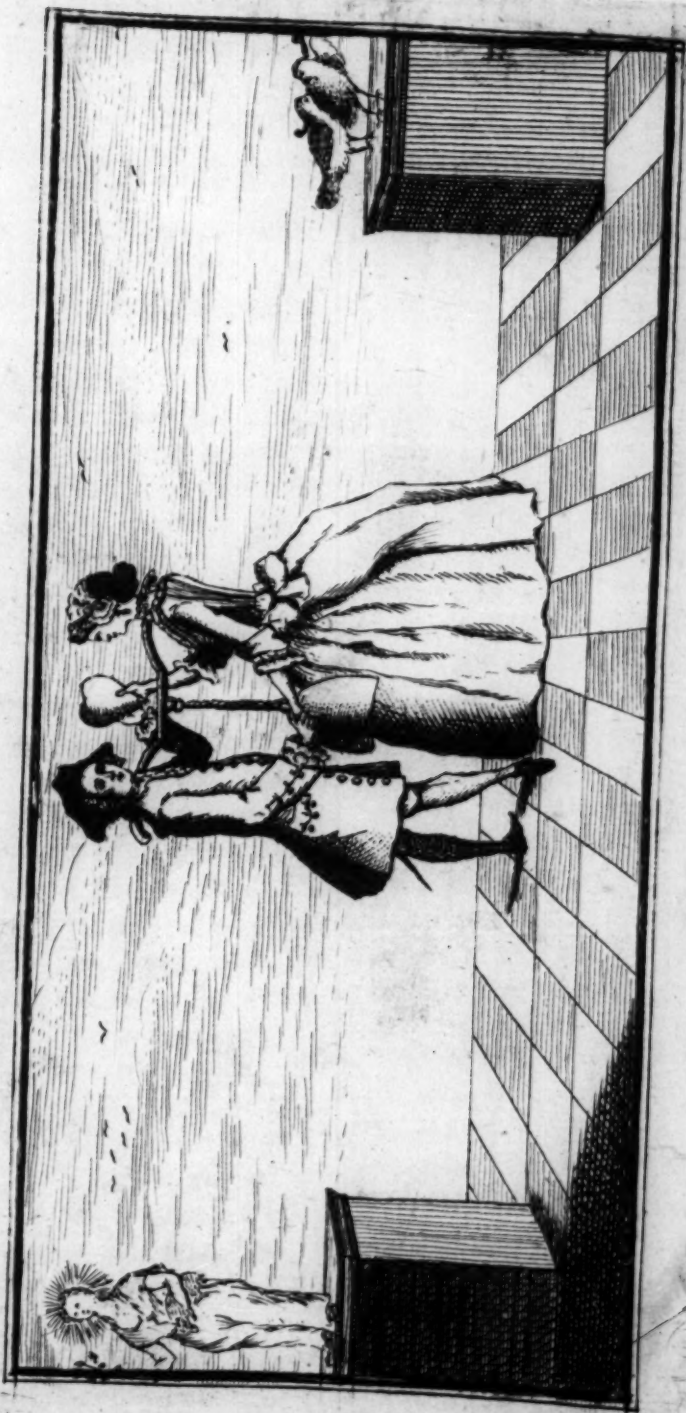
And pretty *Polly* too has got red hair.

All raise their voice, their voices all uniting;

Set dogs with cats, and cats with dogs to fighting.

So quick and shrill, each plays her ceaseless larm;

All talk at once, but none at all to hear'em.



20



A BANQUET of the MUSES. 25

The ENGLISH PADLOCK.

A N

ADDRESS to the Ladies.

Miss Danae, when fair and young,
(As Horace has divinely sung)
Could not be kept from Jove's embrace

By doors of steel, and walls of brass.

The reason of the thing is clear;

(Would Jove the naked truth aver)

Cupid was with him of the party;

And show'd himself sincere and hearty:

For (give that whipster but his errand)

He takes my Lord Chief Justice' warrant;

Dauntless as death away he walks;

Breaks the doors open; snaps the locks;

Searches the parlour, chamber, study;

Nor stops, 'till he has Culprit's body.

Since this has been authentick truth;

By age delivered down to youth;

Tell us, mistaken husband, tell us,

Why so mysterious, why so jealous?

Does the restraint, the bolt, the bar,

Make us less curious, her less fair;

The spy, who does this treasure keep,

Does she ne'er say her pray'rs, nor sleep?

Does she to no excess incline?

Does she fly musick, mirth, and wine?

Or have not gold and flatt'ry pow'rs,

To purchase one unguarded hour?

Your care does further yet extend;

That spy is guarded by your friend.—

But has that friend nor eye, nor heart?

May he not feel the cruel dart,

Which, soon or late, all mortals feel?

May he not, with too tender zeal,

D

Give

26 *The* THEATRE of WIT, Or,

Give the fair pris'ner cause to see,
How much he wishes, she were free?
May he not craftily infer
The rules of friendship too severe,
Which chain him to a hated trust,
Which makes him wretched to be just?
And may not she, this darling she,
Youthful and hearty, flesh and blood,
Easy with him, ill us'd by thee,
Allow this logic to be good?

Sir, will your questions never end?
I trust to neither spy nor friend.
In short, I keep her from the sight
Of ev'ry human face — she'll write: —
From pen and paper she's debarr'd. —
Has she a bodkin and a card?
She'll prick her mind: — she will, you say;
But how shall she that mind convey;
I keep her in one room, I lock it;
The key, look here, is in this pocket:
The key-hole, is that left? Most certain,
She'll thrust her letter thro' — Sir Martin.

Dear angry friend, what must be done?
Is there no way: — there is but one.
Send her abroad, and let her see,
That all this mingled mass, which she
Being forbidden longs to know,
Is a dull farce, and empty show,
Powder, and pocket-glass, a beau;
A staple of romance and lies,
False tears, and real perjuries:
Where sighs and looks are bought and sold;
And love is made but to be told;
Where the fat bawd and lavish heir
The spoils of ruin'd beauty share;
And youth seduc'd from friends and fame,
Must give up age to want and shame.

Let

A BANQUET of the MUSES. 27

Let her behold the frantick scene,
The women wretched, false the men:
And when, these certain ills to shun,
She would to thy embraces run;
Receive her with extended arms;
Seem more delighted with her charms;
Wait on her to the park and play;
Put on good humour, make her gay;
Be to her vertues very kind;
Be to her faults a little blind;
Let all her ways be unconfin'd;
And clap your *Padlock* — on her mind.

GRATITUDE in Perfection: Or, *The generous* TURK.

NOT many years since an accomplish'd young gentleman of *Farrara* in *Italy*, by name *Signior Pietro*, was led by curiosity to travel thro' the various provinces of his own celebrated country: He came amongst other places, to *Leghorn*, and took up his lodgings in an inn, in order to observe the rarities of that well-peopled city; and happening to be plac'd in an apartment that open'd to the publick street, frequently diverted himself by a curious observation of whatever pass'd before him.

Directly opposite to his chamber, was a bench, on which he often saw a melancholy *Turk*, sit thoughtful and dejected, leaning pensively his head upon his hand, and dropping now and then a silent tear, which he endeavour'd secretly to wipe away with a large knot of ropes, the wretched badge of his unfortunate slavery. The frequent repetition of this mournful practice was perceiv'd by the compassionate

28 *The* THEATRE of WIT, Or,

passionate *Pietro*; who, earnestly desirous to become acquainted with the reasons of his sorrow, sent at last a messenger to fetch him, and having carry'd him to his own apartment, demand the reasons of his unhappy misfortunes, with wringing hands and elevated looks, the poor disconsolate *Mahometan* thus began his tale, 'I am, *says he*, an honest *Musselman*, never friend to war or rapine, but became a sacrifice to both, in an unlucky visit to an aged father, then in health and peace at *Cyprus*, now perhaps, laid cold and breathless in some gloomy grave, and may have broke his heart to hear my misery:' (then having given him a full account of all the circumstances of his being taken, he concluded) 'I have now sorrowfully spent four tedious years in this forlorn condition, and have left three wives, two sons and nine small children, doubtless drown'd in grief for my unhappy loss.'

The pitying breast of *Signior Pietro*, fram'd for tender and compassionate impressions, after hearing his wretched and forlorn condition, gave him money, and courteously dismiss'd him.

The *Turk* returned disconsolately back to the unwelcome practice of his daily labours; and the tender-natur'd *Signior Pietro*, seriously reflecting on his weighty sorrow, and considering that the will of providence might one day make the case his own, and teach him by too sad experience how to pity others miseries, he resolv'd to do a noble act of *Christian* charity; and making interest with the governor of the town, found means to get the *Turk* releas'd, for the ransom of about 145 ducats, which is in *English* money about 40 pounds.

Never could more welcome and surprizing news rejoice the heart of human sufferer, than that
which

A BANQUET of the MUSES. 29

which brought the happy *Turk* the news of his delivery; and with numerous vows of hearty gratitude, entreated *Signior Pietro* to inform him how he might return: twice told that friendly sum, which had so generously purchas'd his valu'd liberty.

The good *Pietro* wish'd him well, but told him he expected no return; yet if his soul was noble, and would urge him to be greatful, he only ask'd his solemn promise, at his return home, that he would redeem some *Christian* gentleman from slavery, whom he should think did most deserve it, and send him back again to his own native country: This last agreement was, in fine, concluded on, and the deliver'd *Turk* supply'd with cloaths and all things necessary, embark'd on board an *English* vessel for *Turky*, and return'd successfully to his former habitation.

Soon after the *Mehometan's* departure from *Leghorn*, *Signior Pietro* travell'd to *Venice*, where being extremely pleas'd with the city and its people, after about two months stay, became enamour'd with a young and beautiful lady, call'd *Maria Delfino*, who had for several years resided in that city with her uncle, a substantial merchant, who liv'd at *Malta* with her sisters and relations: nothing could dissuade the amorous *Pietro* from a violent expression of his growing passion; he solicited the uncle with incessant importunities, and at last engag'd him to permit him to address her, upon this condition, that he should accompany *Maria* and him to *Malta*, there to gain her father's approbation: This he promis'd, and continued four months daily visiting the object of his affection, 'till he gain'd entirely her consent to marry him, when she was authoriz'd to do it by her father's

30 *The* THEATRE of WIT, Or,

ther's order : And it seems, their sympathetic ornaments, both of mind and body, pointed out the match, and spoke 'em only worthy of each's value.

They embark'd upon a vessel bound for *Malta*, belonging to that island, which they were almost arriv'd in sight of, when a *Turkish* galley met and boarded them, making undistinguish'd prize of all her cargo, and transporting *Signior Pietro*, with his mistress and her uncle, into threaten'd slavery, landing them at *Smyrna*, together with the valuable prize in which they took them.

The three companions in this miserable state, having, when they saw the danger they were falling into, chang'd their cloaths for coarse and rough habits, that being so disguis'd, they might expect a ransom from a smaller charge than otherwise would serve them: being taken with the common people, they were, like them, in chains, conducted to the publick market, where slaves are bought and sold like sheep or oxen. *Signior Pietro* and the young lady's uncle were tied together, and plac'd, with many more, to wait the purchase of the fairest bidder; opposite to them stood the unhappy and disconsolate *Maria*, half dead with fear and anguish, (with a numerous crowd of other *Christian* women, young and old) expecting every moment to be bought, and torn away from any hopes of ever seeing more her father, uncle, or her dear *Pietro*.

At length a young and graceful *Turk* came up to the disconsolate *Maria*, and bargaining immediately with the officer who kept her, paid the money, and throwing on a veil he brought on purpose, took her from the rest, and carry'd her away with extraordinary satisfaction.

Many a complaining look did the despairing lady

A BANQUET of the MUSES. 31

lady give her friends, who answer'd her with all the mournful marks of silent lamentation, and were now (especially the lover) so confounded with their misery, that they stood insensible like so many statues.

While they stood thus fix'd in contemplation of the transient blessings of a mortal life, there came a *Turk* from stall to stall, enquiring earnestly of every officer, what quality and country their several slaves laid claim to? and examining particularly the slaves themselves to the same effect. At length, he came to signior *Pietro*, who holding down his head, the *Turk* stoop'd forward to look upon his face, which he no sooner saw, but starting back in great surprize, he rais'd his arms and eyes towards heaven, and half transported at the strange discovery, cry'd aloud, ' I thank thee, holy prophet! thou hast guided well my lucky footsteps!' the griev'd *Pietro* looking up at this surprizing exclamation, saw before his eyes that very man, whom in Leghorn he had so very kindly freed from slavery. No pen can tell the raptures he must needs conceive at this so happy meeting; the *Turk* thus addressing himself to signior *Pietro*, said;

' I promised thee, thou best of *Christians*, that
' I would certainly redeem such slave from servitude
' as I should judge did more than any else deserve
' that blessing; and now, thank *Mahomet*, in thee
' have I discover'd him: ' with that he order'd him who guarded them, to send some person to receive his ransom, and conduct him presently to his own house.

The overjoy'd *Pietro* heard with pleasure the design of his accomplished gratitude, but told him,
' If he would be doubly kind, he might redeem
' his friend, who suffer'd with him; and they
' would

32 *The* THEATRE of WIT, Or,

‘ would find speedy means to reimburse his utmost charge :’ the proposition was embraced as soon as offered, and a person being sent to take the money, received immediately the ransoms he demanded, and returning immediately to the market, left the gentlemen in the care of their redeemer.

The *Turk*’s two sons being inform’d that their Father had met the man to whom before he ow’d his liberty, ran immediately to find them out, and with an inexpressible civility and grateful joy, bid him and his friend welcome; and after having heard the manner of their being taken, and their sorrowful complaints for the loss of an unhappy virgin, whom they loved so dearly; he who was the eldest of the two cry’d out with earnestness, ‘ Now by the religion of our prophet, my father’s house contains this virgin; that she was then above among other women; and he would, for satisfaction, fetch her down that very moment.

But oh, the rapturous joy of the two lovers! no tongue can speak, nor pen indite! when they who thought that very morning, they should never, never, see again each other, but live in everlasting slavery among infidels, do now enjoy a perfect freedom, and go when and wheresoever they think fit.

They staid a week with their kind landlord, who after all the kindest treatment imaginable, got them a passage in a vessel in which they arrived safe at *Malta*.

*Fortune makes wretched human things her sport;
And triumphs from the bovel to the court.
They who she late exalted to the sky,
She headlong tumbles down to misery;
Whilst they who just before she downward hurld;
She lifts again, to shine above the world.*

32

ES. 33



The FEMALE VOLUNTEER.

An EPILOGUE, *Design'd to be spoken by*
Mrs. WOFFINGTON, in the Character of a
Volunteer.

upon reading the Gazette.

CURSE on all cowards, say I! Why, bless my
 eyes——

No, no, it can't be true: The *Gazette* lies:
 Our men retreat before a scrub banditti,
 Who scarce cou'd fright the buff-coats of the city!
 Well, if 'tis so, and that our men can't stand,
 'Tis time we women take the thing in hand.
 Thus, in my country's cause, I now appear,
 A bold, smart, *Kevenbullaer's* Volunteer.
 And really, mark some heroes in the nation,
 Ye'll think this no unnatural transformation:
 For if in valour real manhood lies,
 All cowards are but —— women in disguise.

They cry these rebels are so stout and tall:
 Ay, lord, I'd lower the proudest of them all;
 Try but my mettle, place me in the van,
 And post me if I don't bring down my man.
 Had we an army of such valourous wenches,
 What men, d'ye think, wou'd dare attack our
 trenches?

Oh! how the artillery of our eyes wou'd maul 'em!
 But our mask'd batteries! Lord, how they wou'd
 gall 'em!

No rebel 'gainst such force durst take the field,
 For damme, but we'd die before we'd yield.

Joking apart: We women have strong reason,
 To stop the progress of this *Popish* treason;

E

For

34 *The* THEATRE of WIT, Or,

For now, when female liberty's at stake,
All women ought to bustle for its sake.
Shou'd the audacious sons of *Rome* prevail,
Vows, convents, and that heathen thing a veil,
Must come in fashion; and such institutions
Wou'd suit but oddly with our constitutions:
What gay coquet wou'd brook a nun's profession?
And I've some private reasons 'gainst confession.

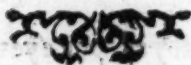
Besides, our good men of the church, they say,
(Who now, thank heav'n may love as well as pray)
Must then be only wed to cloyster'd houses:

Stop, — there we're fobb'd of twenty thousand
spouces:

And, faith, no bad ones, as I'm told; then judge
ye,

Is't fit we lose our ——— benefit of clergy.

In freedom's cause, ye patriot fair, arise,
Exert the sacred influence of your eyes;
On valiant merit deign alone to smile,
And vindicate the glory of our isle:
To no base coward prostitute your charms,
Disband the lover who deserts his arms:
So shall you fire each heroe to his duty,
And *British* rights be sav'd by *British* beauty.



34





A BANQUET of the MUSES. 35

The PENITENT RAKE. A Tale.

By a Gentleman of Oxford.

TO M Ramble, a rake of true catholic hope,
Who rely'd on salvation, thro' faith in the Pope;
Having been to the fair ones a little too true,
And borrow'd from God, to give woman her due,
With a qualm of contrition one morning was taken,
And conscience declaring 'twas high time to reckon,
His steps to a convent our gallant address'd,
To pour his transgressions in *Dominic's* breast:
He rent his lac'd ruffles, disgrac'd his toupee,
He broke his couteau, and he fell on his knee.

Rake.] Oh! father, lost rest to a sinner restore,
These pieces are many, my trespasses more;
Thus saying, a purse from his pocket he loosed,
Which, ey'd by the fryar, this answer produced,

Fryar.] Son, trust our good mother; she'll ever
confer

Indulgence to those who're indulgent to her:
Let indigent wretches be scar'd for their souls,
The church has remission, while you have pistoles;
The gate of her mercy to all is unbarr'd,
To all such, I mean, whom came duly prepar'd.

Rake.] A shepherdes, harmless and young I be-
tray'd;
I found her, ah! wou'd I had left her, a maid:
Untaught as the lambs which she watch'd on the
common,

Allur'd by this purse, I made her a woman;
This bought the repentance, this bought the delight,
Take, take, holy father, the fiend from my sight.

The priest soon obey'd, and took charge of the
booty,

Obedience, you know, was a branch of his duty,

So

36 *The* THEATRE of WIT, Or,

So was poverty too, but *aurum accepit*,
 I hope you don't think his intent was to keep it;
 But lest a bad tale by it length be made worse,
 The *fryar* well weighing the case — and the purse.
 I find not, says he, any cause of alarm;
 You instructed the ignorant; where was the harm?

Rake.] The charms of a widow my soul did surprize,
 How gloomy her grief! but how bright were her eyes!

No second enjoyment she'd sworn to allow,
 I kiss'd off her tears, and oh! cancell'd her vow.

Fryar.] Mere charity, son, had oblig'd you to this;
 To comfort the widow can ne'er be amiss.

Rake.] A hugonot's consort fell next in my snare,
 In short, Sir, I ravish'd the obstinate fair;
 Her husband intruded, but fell in the strife,
 I robb'd her of her honour, and him of his life.

Fryar.] Pish! let no such trifles your mind incommode,

To take from a heretick's giving to God.

Rake.] To a beautiful nun I my love did reveal,
 She open'd her heart, and she open'd her cell,
 She open'd, O heavens! *F.* Damnation and hell.
 Mark, mark it in black, ye sacred recorders,
 What lie with a nun, and not be in orders?

This one deadly sin exceeds all the seven,
 'Tis robbing the church, and that's robbing of heaven,

'Tis a damnable error and can't be forgiven.

No prayers no alms can atone for this evil,
 Down, down to damnation, down down to the devil.

Tom took up his purse, away crept the monk,
 One sneak'd to his gruel, and one to his punk.

The

A BANQUET of the MUSES. 37

The SKILLET: Or,

Beauty the best Prize.

TWO country louts tir'd of a single life,
Young *Clod*, and *Folt*, each needs must have
a wife,

But did not in their choice at all agree,
The one a lubber, t'other gay and free.
Clod thought a cuckold was a monst'rous beast
With two huge glaring eyes and spreading crest;
Therefore resolving never to be such,
Married a wife none but himself could touch.
Folt thinking marriage was decreed by fate,
Which shews us whom to love, and whom to hate,
To a young handsome jolly lais made court,
And gave his friends convincing reason for't,
That since in life such mischief may be had,
Beauty had something still that was not bad.
Within two months fortune was pleas'd to send
A Tinker to *Clod*'s house, old *Brass* to mend.
The good housewife survey'd the brawny spark,
And found his chine was large, tho' count'nance
dark.

First she appears in all her airs, then tries
The squinting efforts of her am'rous eyes.
Much time was spent, and much desire express'd;
At last the Tinker cry'd, Few words are best;
Give me that skillet then, and if I'm true,
I dearly earn it for the work I do.
The bargain struck, the Tinker with his tools
Display'd, compleatly stops the good wife's holes;
His work perform'd, they parted, on he goes,
With the same stroke of pan, and twang of nose,
Till

38 *The* THEATRE *of* WIT, *Or,*

'Till at *Folt's* house beheld a sprightly dame,
That set his native vigour all on flame.

He looks, sighs, faints, at last begins to cry,
And can you then let a young tinker die?
Says she, Give me your skillet then, and try.
My skillet! Both my heart and skillet take;
I wish it were a copper for your sake.

After all this, not many days did pass,
Clod sitting at *Folt's* house survey'd the brass,
And glitt'ring pewter standing on the shelf.
Then, after some gruff mutt'ring with himself,
Cry'd; prithee, *Folt*, how came that skillet thine?
You know as well as I, quoth *Folt* 't'an't mine;
But I'll ask *Nan*.—She fairly told the matter
In truth as'twas; then cry'd, You've got the better;
For tell me, dearest, whether you would chuse
To be a gainer by me, or to lose.

As for our neighbour *Clod*; my dear you see,
We've beauty and a skillet more than he.



A BANQUET of the MUSES. 39

Of PROVIDENCE,

And the great sin of distrusting God's omnipotence in that point, who never fails his promise, ask and ye shall receive, give and it shall be given to you again seven-fold, as is confirm'd in the following remarkable instance.

A Wealthy Jew, who when he had perused several of those places which promise abundance of temporal blessings to charitable person, resolved to try whether God would be as good as his word, and spared no occasion of profuse charity, until he had reduced himself to one single piece, the whole remains of all his former riches. Now was he come to the crisis of trial, a crisis able to shake even a *Christian* courage, and it did shake his indeed, though he had proceeded boldly hitherto without any fear or distrust. He began then to murmur and repine, and blamed his credulity, for what he had so rashly (he thought) done; and in this pensive heart-breaking mood, he espy'd two men a quarrelling and fighting. Notwithstanding his own afflictions he presently interposed, and demanded the cause of their so great difference. They answered that going along there they had found a stone, which both laid claim to, but could not agree which was the first discoverer, so that if he would bestow something for it, they told him it should be his. He gave them all he had, his one remaining piece, and so they went well contented with it. He presently repairs to a Jeweller to know the value of his purchase, and was informed, that it was the best jewel
which

40 *The* THEATRE of WIT, Or,

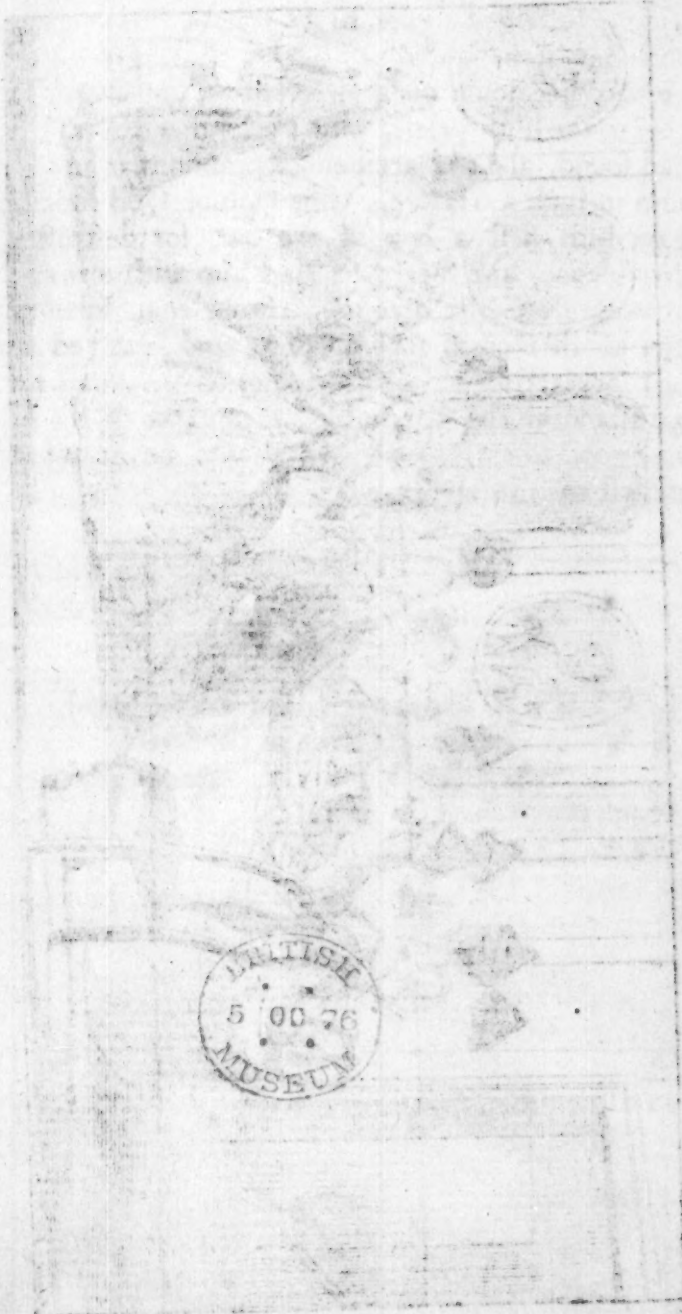
which belonged to the high priest's breast-plate, and that if he would carry it to the right owner, he need not doubt of a sufficient recompence. He goes to the high-priest, acquaints him with what he had found, and the accidental occasion that brought him to such a treasure. The man of God roundly gave him first a box of the ear, for distrusting providence, and then dismissed him with a reward answerable to the occasion. From that fortunate day he thrived in such measure, and received the full satisfaction of all his former wishes, that notwithstanding the charitable continuance of his former good intentions he soon grew to be one of the richest men in all *Judea*.

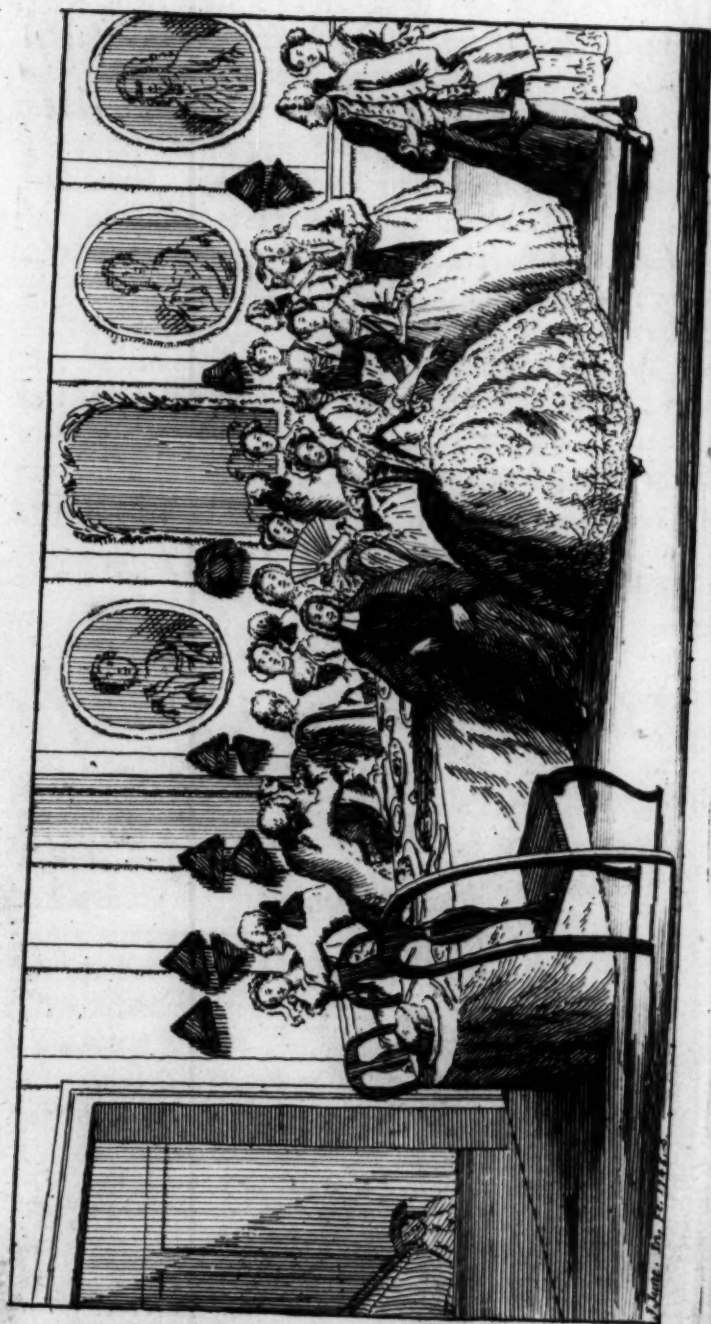
A S I M I L E.

WHEN at our house the servants brawl,
And raise an uproar in the hall;
When *John* the butler, and our *Mary*,
About the plate and linen vary:
Till the smart dialogue grows rich,
In sneaking dog! and ugly bitch!
Down comes my Lady like the devil,
And makes them silent all and civil.
Thus cannon clears the cloudy air,
And scatters tempests brewing there:
Thus bullies sometimes keep the peace,
And one scold makes another cease.



40





A BANQUET of the MUSES. 41

The CITY WEDDING.

By Sir John Suckling.

I Tell thee, *Dick*, where I have been,
Where I the rarest things have seen:

Oh things without compare!

Such fights again cannot be found
In any place on *Englifo* ground,

Be it at wake, or fair.

At *Charing-crofs*, hard by the way
Where we (thou know'st) do sell our hay,

There is a house with stairs;

And there did I see coming down
Such folks as are not in our town,

Vorty at least, in pairs.

Amongst the rest, one pest'lent fine,
(His beard no bigger tho' than thine)

Walk'd on before the rest:

Our landlord looks like nothing to him:

The king (God bless him) 'would undo him,

Should he go still so drest.

At course a-park, without all doubt,

He should have first been taken out

By all the maids i'th' town:

Though lusty *Roger* there had been,

Or little *George* upon the green,

Or *Vincent* of the crown.

But wot you what? The youth was going

To make an end of all his wooing;

The parson for him staid:

Yet by his leave, for all his haste,

He did not so much wish all past

(Perchance) as did the maid.

42 *The* THEATRE of WIT, Or,

The maid—and thereby hangs a tale—
For such a maid not *Whitson*-ale

Could ever yet produce:
Nor grape that's kindly ripe, could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on which they did bring.

It was too wide a peck:
And to say truth (for out it must)
It look'd like the great collar (just)

About our young colt's neck.
Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,

As if they fear'd the light:
But oh! she dances such a way!
No sun upon an *Easter*-day,

Is half so fine a sight.
He would have kiss'd her once or twice,
But she would not, she was so nice,

She would not do't in fight;
And then she look'd as who should say
I will do what I list to day;

And you shall do't at night.
Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No dazy makes comparison,

(Who sees them is undone)
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a *Katherine* pear,

The side that's next the sun.
Her lips were red, and one was thin
Compar'd to that was next her chin,

Some bee had stung it newly.
But (*Dick*) her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze,

Than on the sun in *July*.

Her

A BANQUET of the MUSES. 43

Her mouth so small when she does speak,
Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break,

That they might passage get,
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit.

If wishing should be any sin,
The Parson himself had guilty been,
She look'd that day so purely:

And did the youth, so oft the fear
At night, as some did in conceit,

It would have spoil'd him, surely.
Passion o' me! how I run on!

There's that, that wou'd be thought upon,
I trow; besides the bride.

The bus'ness of the kitchin's great,
For it is fit that men should eat;

Nor was it there deny'd.
Just in the nick the cook knock'd thrice,

And all the waiters in a trice
His Summons did obey.

Each serving-man with dish in hand,
March'd bodily up, like our train'd band,

Presented and away.
When all the meat was on the table,

What man of knife, or teeth, was able
To stay to be intreated?

And this the very reason was,
Before the parson could say grace,

The company was seated.
Now hats fly off, and youths carouse;

Healts first go round, and then the house,
The bride's came thick and thick;

And when 'twas nam'd anothers health,
Perhaps he made hers by stealth,

And who could help it Dick?
O'th'

44 *The* THEATRE of WIT, Or,

O'th' sudden up they rise and dance ;

Then sit again, and sigh and glance ;

Thence dance again and kiss,

Thus sev'ral ways the time did pass,

Whilst ev'ry woman wish'd her place,

And ev'ry man wish'd his.

By this time all were stol'n aside

To council and undress the bride ;

But that he must not know ;

But yet 'twas thought he guest her mind,

And did not mean to stay behind

Above an hour or so.

When in he came (*Dick*) there she lay,

Like new-fal'n snow melting away,

'Twas time, I trow, to part.

Kisses were now the only stay,

Which soon she gave, as who would say,

Good bw'y, with all my heart.

But just as Heav'n would have to cross it,

In came the bride-maids with the posset ;

The bridegroom eat in spight ;

For had he left the women to't,

It wou'd have cyst two hours to do't,

Which were too much that night,

At length the candles out ; and now,

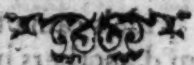
All that they had not done, they do :

What that is, who can tell ?

But I believe it was no more

Than thou and I have done before.

With *Bridget* and with *Nell*.



Of INGRATITUDE.

Having entertained my readers in one of the foregoing numbers with a story on Gratitude, I shall here insert another just on the contrary, which is as follows:

ONE Mr. Thomas Inkle, of London, aged twenty years, embarked in the *Downs* on the good ship called the *Achilles*, bound to the *West-Indies*, on the 16th of June, 1674, in order to improve his fortune by trade and merchandise. Our adventurer was the third son of an eminent citizen, who had taken particular care to instil into his mind an early love of gain, by making him a perfect master of numbers, and consequently giving him a quick view of loss and advantage, and preventing the natural impulses of his passions, by prepossession towards his interests. With a mind thus turned, young *Inkle* had a person every way agreeable, a ruddy vigour in his countenance, strength in his limbs, with ringlets of fair hair loosely flowing on his shoulders. It happened, in the course of the voyage, that the *Achilles*, in some distress, put into a creek on the main of *America*, in search of provisions. The youth, who is the hero of my story, among others went ashore on this occasion. From their first landing they were observed by a party of *Indians*, who hid themselves in the woods for that purpose. The *English* unadvisedly marched a great distance from the shore into the country, and were intercepted by the natives, who slew the greatest number of them. Our adventurer escaped among others, by flying into a forest. Upon his coming into a remote
and

and pathless part of the wood, he threw himself, tired, and breathless, on a little hillock, when an *Indian* maid rushed from a thicket behind him. After the first surprize, they appeared mutually agreeable to each other. If the *Europian* was highly charmed with the limbs, features, and wild graces of the naked *American*; the *American* was no less taken with the dress, complexion, and shape of an *European*, covered from head to foot. The *Indian* grew immediately enamoured of him, and consequently solicitous for his preservation. She therefore conveyed him to a cave, where she gave him a delicious repast of fruits, and led him to a stream to slack his thirst. In the midst of these good offices, she would play with his hair, and delight in the opposition of its colour to that of her fingers: Then open his bosom, then laugh at him for covering it. She was, it seems, a person of distinction, for she every day came to him in a different dress, of the most beautiful shells, bugles, and bredes. She likewise brought him a great many spoils, which her other lovers had presented to her, so that his Cave was richly adorned with all the spotted skins of beasts, and most party-coloured feathers of fowls, which that world afforded. To make his confinement more tolerable, she would carry him in the dusk of the evening, or by the favour of moon-light, to unfrequented groves and solitudes, and shew him where to lie down in safety, and sleep amidst the falls of waters, and melody of nightingales. Her part was to watch and hold him awake in her arms, for fear of her countrymen, and awake him on occasions to consult his safety. In this manner did the lovers pass away their time, till they had learned a language of their own, in which the voyager communicated
to

A BANQUET of the MUSES. 47

to his mistress, how happy he should be to have her in his country, where she should be cloathed in such silks as his waistcoat was made of, and be carried in houses drawn by horses, without being exposed to wind or weather. All this he promised her the enjoyment of, without such fears and alarms as they were there tormented with. In this tender correspondence these lovers lived for several months, when *Yarico*, instructed by her lover, discovered a vessel on the coast to which she made signals; and in the night with the utmost joy and satisfaction, accompanied him to a ship's-crew of his countrymen, bound for *Barbadoes*. When a vessel from the main arrives in that island, it seems the planters come down to the shore, where there is an immediate market of the *Indians* and other slaves, as with us of horses and oxen.

To be short, Mr. *Thomas Inkle*, now coming into *English* territories, began seriously to reflect upon his loss of time, and to weigh with himself how many days interest of his money he has lost during his stay with *Yarico*. This thought made the young man very pensive, and careful what account he should be able to give to his worldly father, and other friends, at his return home from his voyage; who, instead of a wealthy cargo, should meet him conducting home a poor silly *Indian* girl. Upon which consideration, the more prudent and frugal young man proposed to sell his before admired *Yarico* to a *Barbadian* merchant; notwithstanding the many intercessions the poor girl made, and the more to incline him to commiserate her wretched condition, told him that she was with child by him; but he deaf to all complaints, only made use of the information, to raise his demands upon the purchaser for two instead of one; which he did
with

48 *The* THEATRE of WIT, Or

with little concern, and left the poor creature
drown'd in tears to bewail her lost condition, while
he as well pleas'd, pursu'd his voyage home to
England.

*Too often those whom we with kindness fill,
Requite our love with hate, our good with ill.*

E N I G M A.

By Mr. PRIOR.

BY birth I'm a slave, yet can give you a crown,
I dispose of all honours, my self having none.
I'm oblig'd by just maxims to govern my life,
Yet I hang my own master, and lie with his wife.
When men are a gaming, I cunningly sneak,
And their cudgels and shovels away from them take,
Fair maidens and ladies I by the hand get,
And pick off their diamonds though ne'er so well
set.

But when I have comrades, we rob in whole bands,
Then we presently take off your lands from your
hands.

But this fury once over, I've such winning arts,
That you love me much more than you do your own
hearts.



The FARMER and the MONKEY.

A TALE.

ONE day, an honest farmer went
 (Roger by name) to pay his rent:
 The Bumkin, in his very best,
 And prim as any quaker drest,
 Did, with a boorish kind of pride,
 Sure-footed, sturdy Brock bestride.
 His sob replete with glitt'ring pence,
 Gave him an air of confidence:
 But yet it griev'd the gaffer sore,
 To think, how soon the precious ore
 Must for his landlord be secur'd,
 By that insatiate leech, the steward:
 The thought e'en pierc'd him to the heart;
 But dearest friends, alas! must part.
 He spoke;—with harness'd heel then spur'd
 Poor Brock, and made him grunt and gurd.

At length arriving at the squire's,
 He for his Landlord straight inquires,
 Dismounts, and gives the horse some hay,
 And tow'rs the house then takes his way.
 Into the steward's hall he's led;
 Where, tho' not o'er-genteely bred,
 Hodge to the bailiff makes a bow,
 As nicely as he well knew how.
 This done,—the fumbling, lab'ring lout
 The loaded leathern purse lugs out;
 Empties the glitt'ring, splendid store,
 Which with great care is counted o'er.—

The steward gives him a receipt:
 The cook, his belly-full of meat:

50 *The* THEATRE of WIT, Or,

Nor does the jolly butler fail
To bring in jugs of nappy ale.
Hodge smoak'd his pipe ; and freely drinking,
Forgot his purse had quite done chinking.

By fellow-farmers now beset,
(Upon the like occasion met)
At length he's almost overcome!

'Tis now high time to think of home.
He rises,—takes his leave of all ;
And tries to stand,—but fears to fall :
Then, bending towards the block his course,
From thence he mounts upon his horse.
Alone he budg'd ;—for, 'lack-a-day!
The rest all gang'd a diff'rent way.
And yet he went not quite alone ;
As in the sequel shall be shewn :

Now, on he jogs, with great content,
Rejoic'd at having paid his rent:
But, having partly got his load,
In an unsteady-manner rode.

Pot-valiant grown, courageous *Roger*
Thought, he could make a special soldier ;—
Valu'd no mortal of a louse ;—and
Of foes could kill,—at least a thousand.

But all this valour nought avail'd him :
Alas!—his courage quickly fail'd him.

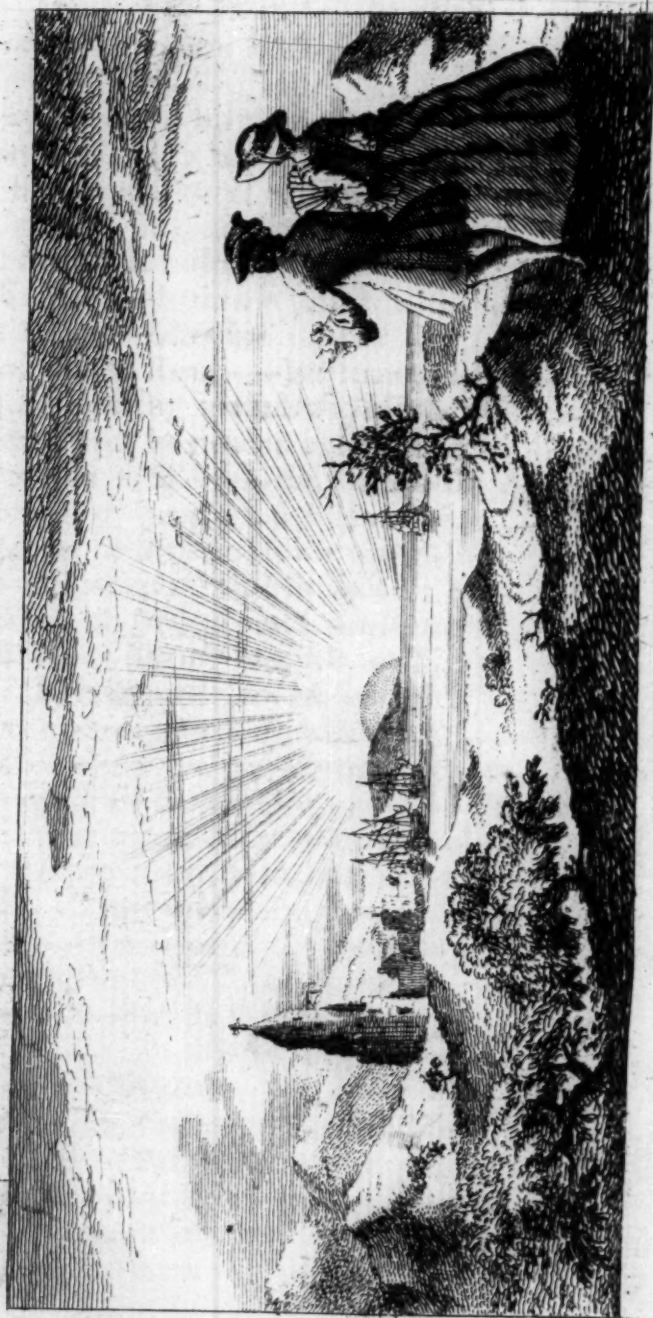
For, passing o'er a dreary green,
Where dreadful *spectres* had been seen,
(By crazy coxcombs half asleep,)

Poor *Roger* sideways chanc'd to peep.
Fair *Cynthia* shone with splendid light,
He saw—a sad, tremendous *fight*,
That caus'd his hair to stand upright :
Beside that, which his body made,
Appeared a more frightful shade,

Softly,

52





A BANQUET of the MUSES. 51

Softly he turn'd his head ;—and then,
 He look'd,—and turn'd,—and look'd again,
 But taking courage more, at last
 A glance he o'er his shoulder cast.
 When plainly thus reveal'd to sight,
 He look'd upon th' infernal *spright*!

Now you must know, where *Hodge* had been,
 They kept a *Monkey*,—he'd not seen ;
 To please the lady *Pug* was kept ;
 And he, to please himself, had leapt—
 Behind poor *Roger*, on the horse :
 Of what ensu'd,—this, this, the source.
 At sight of this tremendous *Monkey*,
 How did he stare !—and, O—how st—nk he !
 For ev'ry time poor *Roger* started,
 It seems, he somewhat more than farted.
Hack-back-cack keck, the *Monkey* cry'd,
 And grin'd, in grisly sort, beside.
 O !—then how did poor *Roger* pant,
 How mend his pace !—says he, *avaunt* !
Satan, avaunt !—*I thee resist* ;
 (He spoke,—and felt himself bep—st.)
And do thou, Satan,—from—me fly :
Satan, avaunt !—*I thee—defy*,
Thee I—defy !—*then let—me go* :
I am,—as all—my neighbours know,
A righteous man,—and good psalm-singer ;
Nor long—to pay my rent—e'er linger.

Beginning now to feel the spur,
Brock gallop'd wi' th' wrong foot before :
 And *Pug* around poor *Roger*'s neck,
 Clasping his paws, cry'd,—*hack hack-keck*.
 The farmer frighted worse than ever,
 All o'er, like *Aspen* leaf, did shiver.
 And he who lately did so goster,
 Strove now to say his *pater-noster*.

32 *The* THEATRE of WIT, Or,

Like culprit mounted on the ladder,
Stamm'ring, he says, —Our *fa-fa-father*,
Which art —in *ba-ba* heaven, —(Oh!
Satan, *avaunt!* —and let me go;)

Hall ba-ba-ballowed be thy name:

(To drink so much, —I was to blame.)

Thy king—thy ke-ke-kingdom—come:

(O! that—I were but safe—at home!)

Thus pray'd poor *Hodge*, and homeward hy'd,

Thus *Pug*, with *back back-keck*, reply'd;

And held him by the *farmer* fast:

Who (heav'n be prais'd) got home, at last.

Roger forthwith began to roar, —

Crying, open, dearest wife, the door;

Make haste!—make haste!—or I'm undone;

Satan, avaunt! I say, be gone.

Joan, frighted sorely, came at last,

To see what held her spouse so fast;

Soon by the glaring candle light,

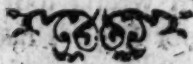
Both plainly saw this ghastly sight;

And *Hodge* much frighted more than hurt,

Requir'd for Shame, a cleaner shirt.

Thus got he freed from all his pain,

And madam had her *Pug* again.



A BANQUET of the MUSES. 53

A SIMILE for the LADIES.

CELIA and I the other day
Walk'd o'er the sand-hills to the sea;
The setting sun adorn'd the coast,
His beams entire, his fierceness lost;
And, on the surface of the deep,
The winds lay only not asleep:
The nymph did like the scene appear,
Serenely joyous, calmly fair;
Soft fell her words, as flew the air.
With secret joy I heard her say,
That she wou'd never miss one day
A walk so fine, a sight so gay.

But, oh the change! the winds grow high;
Impending tempests charge the sky;
The lightning flies, the thunder roars?
And big waves lash the frighten'd shoars.
Struck with the horror of the sight,
She turns her head, and wings her flight:
And trembling vows, she'll ne'er again,
Approach the shore, or view the main.

Once more at least look back, said I;
Thy self in that large glass descry:
When thou art in good humour drest;
When gentle reason rules thy breast,
The sun upon the calmest sea
Appears not half so bright as thee:
'Tis then that with delight I rove
Upon the boundless depth of love;
I bless my chain, I hand my car?
Not think on all I left on shoar.

But when vain doubts and groundless fear,
Do that dear foolish bosom tear;
When the big lip and wat'ry eye,
Tell me the rising storm is nigh;

'Tis

54 *The* THEATRE of WIT, Or,

'Tis then thou art yon' angry main,
Deform'd by winds, and dash'd by rain;
And the poor sailor, that must try,
Its fury, labours less than I.

Shipwreck'd, in vain to land I make,
While love and fate still drive me back;
Forc'd to adore thee thy own way,
I chide thee first, and then obey.
Wretched when from thee, vex when nigh,
I with thee, or without thee, die.

Of a Remarkable STORY.

How a young gentleman, that had try'd all other methods unsuccessfully, frighted his mistress to comply with him, by threatening to starve himself in her closet.

MOnf. Deleu, a gay young gentleman, had courted a lady two years; but without making the least progress in her affection. All his services, his cares, his respects, his complaints; in short, all his tears and protestations, had prov'd unsuccessful. One day happening to be alone with her in her room, he fairly and plainly told her, that since nothing was capable of touching her, he was fully resolv'd to die, and put an end to his pains. This discourse, I must confess, had nothing that was singular in it: For a thousand men have threaten'd to dispatch themselves, that never intended it; but what follows, you'll own to be very particular. *And to the end, madam, says he, that you may fully enjoy my death, and have the satisfaction to see it steal upon me by degrees, I am resolv'd to die of hunger here in your closet.* When that he flung himself upon the floor, resolving to put his design in execution

A BANQUET of the MUSES. 55

tion from that very moment. The young lady only laugh'd at him, and left him there, making no question but that he would be gone in less than a quarter of an hour. In the mean time the evening approach'd; yet our trusty lover still continu'd in the closet. She came to see him, and ask'd him whether his brains were now grown addle, and whether he intended to take up his quarters there? To both which questions our gentleman made no manner of reply; so that the lady was oblig'd to leave him. In short, the night pass'd, and next morning the lady came very early, to advise him to lay aside this foolish resolution; but all she could get from him was. *Madam, I have already done myself the honour to acquaint you with my last intentions.* Having said this, he look'd languishingly upon her, fetch'd a deep sigh, and turn'd his head the other way. On the third day our lady, more perplex'd than ever, brought him something to eat with her own hands. 'Tis impossible to tell you with what a scornful look he beheld it. He appear'd, in this short time, to be considerably weakened; his eyes look'd dead and heavy, his complexion pale, and there seem'd to be something wild and distracted in his looks. The fourth day no sooner arriv'd, but our lady began seriously and gravely to consider what a cruel scandal this would be to her, if she did not take care to prevent it. How! a man die in my closet, kill'd by despair, kill'd by hunger! I am utterly undone, if I don't hinder it. What malicious stories will the neighbourhood raise of me, if this should happen? Perhaps by this time too love had gain'd some ground upon her heart; and I am apt to believe, for my part, that love work'd as powerfully with her, as the fear of scandal. However it was, she resolv'd

to

36 *The* THEATRE of WIT, Or,

to go and argue the matter with him; and after a long exhortation, which he did not seem to understand, because he was in a manner dead; she told him, that since all the arguments she had offer'd to him could not get him out of her closet, she was willing to let him go out upon his own conditions. With this, our poor lover cast an amorous look at her, and ask'd her, whether what he heard was true, or only an illusion of his senses? She satisfy'd him, that all was true; when immediately life return'd to him, and not only life, but a surprising vigour, which enabled him to pay off part of his debt to madam, before she ever stirr'd out of the closet. Never did lover make a more honourable retreat, that's certain. In all probability, our lady was mightily pleas'd with her own charms, since they had efficacy enough to perform so miraculous a cure; and I don't doubt but in reality they had a good share in the miracle. But then, 'tis as true, that they ought not wholly to assume it to themselves, but to divide the glory of it with a cold neat's-tongue, a roll of bread, and a bottle of wine, which our lover had dexterously convey'd under a couch, which was in the closet; for you must know, that foreseeing he was to die, he had taken care, like a good christian as he was, to make some preparation for it before-hand.

You may find, by this short story, that our cavalier had come off but bluely, had the lady's rigour continu'd: but to our comfort be it remember'd, her virtuous resolutions did not hold out so long as a small *French* roll, and a single bottle of wine.

As after storms the sun more bright appears,

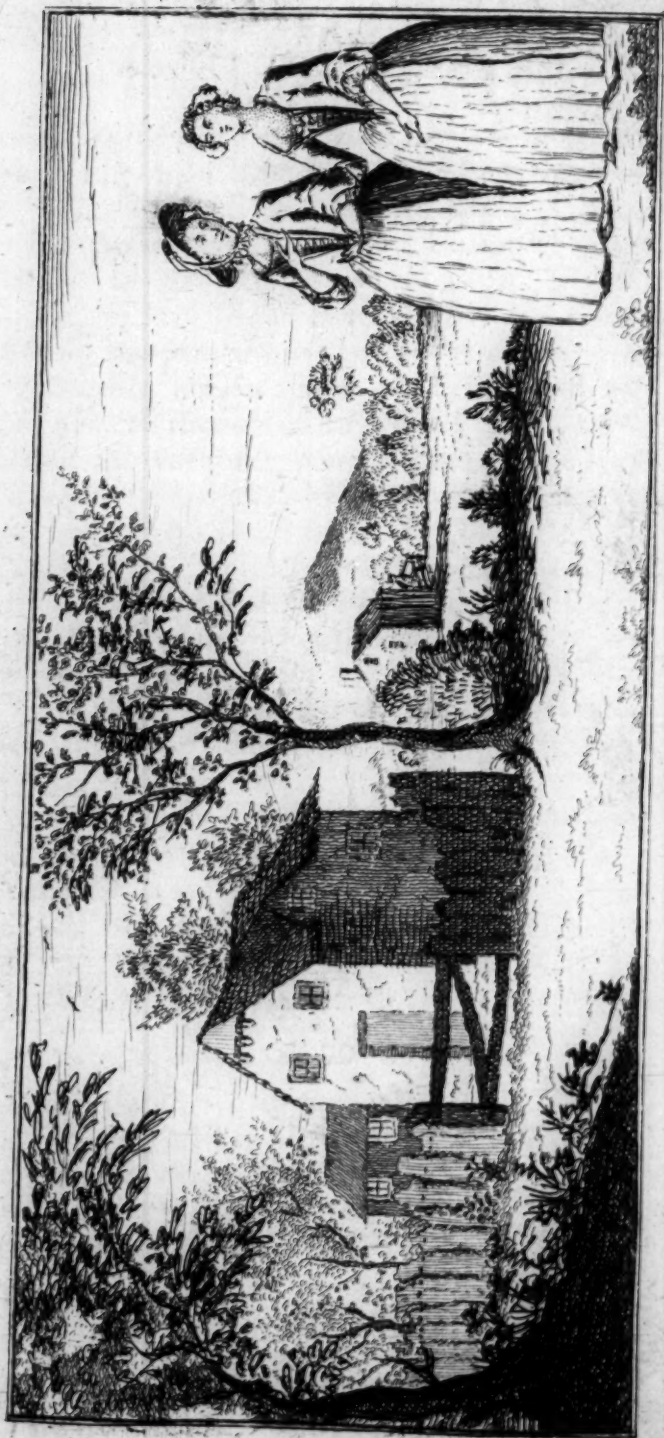
That joy is greatest, which is rais'd by fears:

This is the comfort most true lovers find,

Their hell is first, their heaven is behind.

56





A BANQUET of the MUSES. 57
CORYDON and PHILLIS.

A Town ECLOGUE.

Cor. **N**O W the keen rigour of the winter's o'er,
No hail descends, and frosts can pinch no
more;

Whilst other girls confess the genial spring,
And laugh aloud, or am'rous ditties sing,
Secure from cold their lovely necks display,
And throw each useless chafing dish away,
Why sits my *Phillis* discontented here,
Nor feels the turn of the revolving year?
Why on that brow dwells sorrow and dismay?
Where loves were wont to sport, and smiles to play?

Phil. Ah *Corydon*! survey the *Change* around,
Thro' all the *Change* no wretch like me is found:
Alas! the day, when I, poor heedless maid,
Was to your rooms in *Lincoln's Inn* betray'd,
Then how you swore, how many vows you made?
Ye listening *Zephyrs*, that o'er-heard his love,
Wast the soft accents to the Gods above.
Alas! the day; for, oh eternal shame!
I sold you handkerchiefs, and lost my fame.

Cor. When I forget the favour you bestow'd,
Red herrings shall be spawn'd in *Tyburn Road*,
Fleet-street transform'd become a flow'ry green,
And mafs be sung where *Opera's* are seen:
The wealthy cit, and the *St. James's* beau,
Shall change their quarters, and their joys forego;
Stock-jobbing This to *Jonathan's* shall come,
At the *Groom-Porter's* That play off his plum.

Phil. But what to me does all that love avail,
If whilst I doze at home with porter's ale,
Each night with wine and wenches you regale?
My live-long hours in anxious cares are pass'd,
And raging hunger lays my beauty waste.

58 *The* THEATRE of WIT, Or,

On templer's spruce in vain I glances throw,
And with shrill voice invite them as they go;
Expos'd in vain my glossy ribbands shine,
And unregarded wave upon the twine.
The week flies round, and when my profit's known,
I hardly clear enough to change a crown.

Cor. Hard fate of virtue thus to be distress'd,
Thou fairest of thy trade, and far the best!
As fruit-men's stalls the summer-market grace,
And ruddy peaches them; as first in place
Plumb-cake is seen o'er smaller pastry ware,
And ice on that; so *Phyllis* does appear
In play-house and in park, above the rest
Of belles mechanick, elegantly dress'd.

Phil. And yet *Crepundia*, that conceited fair,
Amidst her toys, affects a saucy air,
And views me hourly with a scornful eye.

Cor. She might as well with bright *Cleora* vie.

Phil. With this large petticoat I strive in vain
To hide my folly past, and coming pain;
'Tis now no secret; she, and fifty more,
Observe the symptoms I had once before.
A second babe at *Wapping* must be plac'd,
When I scarce bear the charges of the last.

Cor. What I could raise I sent; a pound of plumbs,
Five shillings, and a coral for the gums:
To-morrow I intend him something more.

Phil. I sent a frock and pair of shoes before.

Cor. However you shall home with me to-night,
Forget your cares, and revel in delight:
I have in store a pint or two of wine,
Some cracknels, and the remnant of a chine.
And now on either side, and all around,
The weighty shop-boards fall, and bars resound;
Each ready seamstress slips her pattins on,
And ties her hood, preparing to be gone.

58





A BANQUET of the MUSES. 59

*The Two HERMETS Progress; or, The
Metamorphes of Baucis, and Philemon.*

By D. Swift.

IN antient times, as story tells,
The saints would often leave their cells;
And strole about, but hide their quality,
To try good people's hospitality.

It happen'd on a winter night,
As authors of the legend write;
Two brother hermits, saints by trade,
Taking their tour in masquerade?
Disguis'd in tatter'd habits went,
To a small village down in *Kent*;
Where, in the strollers canting strain,
They begg'd from door to door in vain,
Try'd ev'ry tone might pity win;
But not a soul would let 'em in.

Our wand'ring saints in woful state,
Treated at this ungodly rate,
Having through all the village past,
To a small cottage came at last.
Where dwelt a good old honest yeoman,
Call'd in the neighbourhood, *Philemon*.
Who kindly did the saints invite,
In his poor hut to pass that night;
And then the hospitable fire,
Bid goody *Baucis* mend the fire;
While he from out the chimney took,
A flitch of bacon off the hook.
And freely from the fattest side
Cut out a large slice to be fry'd:
Then stept aside to fetch 'em drink,
Fill'd a large jug up to the brink;

60 *The* THEATRE of WIT, Or,

And saw it fairly twice go round,
 Yet (what is wonderful) they found,
 'Twas still replenish'd to the top;
 As if they ne'er had touch'd a drop.
 The good old couple was amaz'd,
 And often on each other gaz'd;
 For both were frighted to the heart,
 And just began to cry——what art!
 Then softly turn'd aside to view
 Whether the lights were burning blue.
 The gentle pilgrims soon aware on't,
 Told 'em their calling and their errant;
 Good folks, you need not be afraid,
 We are but saints, the Hermits said:
 No hurt shall come to you or yours;
 But, for that pack of churlish boors,
 Not fit to live on christian ground,
 They and their houses shall be drown'd;
 Whilst you shall see your cottage rise,
 And grow a church before your eyes.

They scarce had spoke; when, fair and soft,
 The roof began to mount aloft;
 Aloft rose ev'ry beam and rafter,
 The heavy wall climb'd slowly after.

The chimney widen'd, and grew higher,
 Became a steeple with a spire.

The kittle to the top was hoist,
 And there stood fasten'd to a Joist;
 But with the upside down, to show
 It's inclination for below.

In vain, for a superior force,
 Apply'd at bottom, stops in course,
 Doom'd ever in suspense to dwell;

'Tis now no kettle, but a bell,
 A wooden jack, which had almost
 Lost, by disuse, the art to roast,

A BANQUET of the MUSES. 61

A sudden alteration feels,
Increas'd by new intestine wheels;
And, what exalts the wonder more,
The number made the motion slow'r:
The flyer, though't had leaden feet,
Turn'd round so quick, you scarce cou'd see't;
But slacken'd by some secret pow'r,
Now hardly moves an inch an hour.
The jack and chimney near ally'd,
Had never left each other's side;
The chimney to a steeple grown,
The jack would not be left alone;
But up against the steeple rear'd,
Became a clock, and still adher'd:
And still its love to household cares,
Warning the cook-maid not to burn
That roast-meat which it cannot turn.

The groaning chair began to crawl,
Like a huge snail, along the wall;
There stuck aloft, in publick view,
And, with small change, a pulpit grew.

The porringers, that in a row
Hung high, and made a glittering shew,
To a less noble substance chang'd,
Were now but leathern buckets rang'd.

The ballads pasted on the wall,
Of *Joan of France*, and *English Moll*,
Fair Rosamond, and *Robin Hood*,
The little Children in the Wood;
Now seem'd to look abundance better,
Improv'd in picture, size, and letter;
And, high in order plac'd, describe
The heraldry of ev'ry tribe.

A bedstead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load,

Such

62 *The* THEATRE of WIT, Or,

Such as our ancestors did use,
Was metamorphos'd into pews;
Which still their antient nature keep,
By lodging folks dispos'd to sleep.

The cottage, by such feats as these,
Grown to a church by just degrees,
The Hermits then desir'd their host,
To ask for what he fancy'd most.

Philemon, having paus'd a-while,
Return'd 'em thanks in homely stile:
Then said; my house is grown so fine,
Methinks I still would call it mine:
It's old, and fain would live at ease,
Make me the parson, if you please.

He spoke, and presently he feels
His grazier's coat fall down his heels;
He sees, yet hardly can believe,
About each arm a pudding sleeve:
His waistcoat to a cassock grew,
And both assum'd a fable hue;
But being old, continu'd just,
As thread-bare, and as full of dust.
His talk was now of tythes and dues,
Could smoke his pipe, and read the news;
Knew how to preach old sermons next,
Vampt in the preface and the text;
At christ'nings well could act his part,
And had the service all by heart:
Wish'd women might have children fast,
And thought whose sow had farrow'd last;
Against dissenters would repine,
And stood up firm for *right Divine*;
Found his head fill'd with many a system,
But classic authors——he ne'er miss'd 'em.

Thus having furbish'd up a parson;
Dame *Baucis* next they play'd their farce on:

Instead

A BANQUET of the MUSES. 63

Instead of home-spun coifs, were seen,
 Good pinners edg'd with *Colberteen*;
 Her petticoat transform'd apace,
 Became black sattin, flounc'd with lace.
 Plain *Goody* would no longer down,
 'Twas *Madam*, in her grogram gown.
Philemon was in great surprize,
 And hardly could believe his eyes,
 Amaz'd to see her look so prim;
 And she admir'd as much at him.

Thus happy, in their change of life,
 Were several years this man and wife;
 When on a day, which prov'd their last,
 Discourfing on old stories past,
 They went, by chance, amidst their talk,
 To the church-yard, to take a walk;
 When *Baucis* hastily cry'd out,
 My dear, I see your forehead sprout.
 Sprout, gouth the man, what's this you tell us?
 I hope you don't believe me jealous;
 But yet, methinks, I feel it true;
 And truly yours is budding too——
 Nay, now I cannot stir my foot;
 It feels as if 'twere taking root.—

Description would but tire my muse;
 In short, they both were turn'd to *Ews*,
 Old goodman *Dobson* of the *Green*,
 Remembers he the trees has seen:
 He'll talk of them from noon 'till night,
 And goes with folks to see the fight.
 On *Sundays*, after ev'ning pray'r,
 He gathers all the parish there;
 Points out the place of either *Ew*,
 Here *Baucis*, there *Philemon* grew:
 'Till once a parson of our town,
 To mend his barn, cut *Baucis* down:

64 *The* THEATRE of WIT, Or,

At which, 'tis hard to be believ'd,
How much the other tree was griev'd,
Grew scrubby, dy'd a-top, was stunted;
So the next parson stubb'd and burnt it.

A Receipt to appease an Angry Husband.

To the L A D I E S.

AS *Chloe* came into the room t'other day,
I angry began, — Where so long cou'd you stay?
In your life-time you never regarded your hour,
You promis'd at two, and see now it is four.
A lady's watch needs neither figures nor wheels;
'Tis enough, that 'tis loaded with trinkets and seals.
A temper so heedless, no mortal can bear: —
'Thus far I went on with a resolute air.
Lord bleis me! quoth she, let a body but speak —
Here's an ugly hard rose bud fal'n down in my neck;
It has hurt me, and vex't me to such a degree;
Look here — (for you never believe me) pray see:
On the left side my breast, what a mark it has made —
So saying, her bosom she careless display'd.
That scene of delight I with wonder survey'd,
And forgot ev'ry word I design'd to have said.

A D V I C E to Married Men.

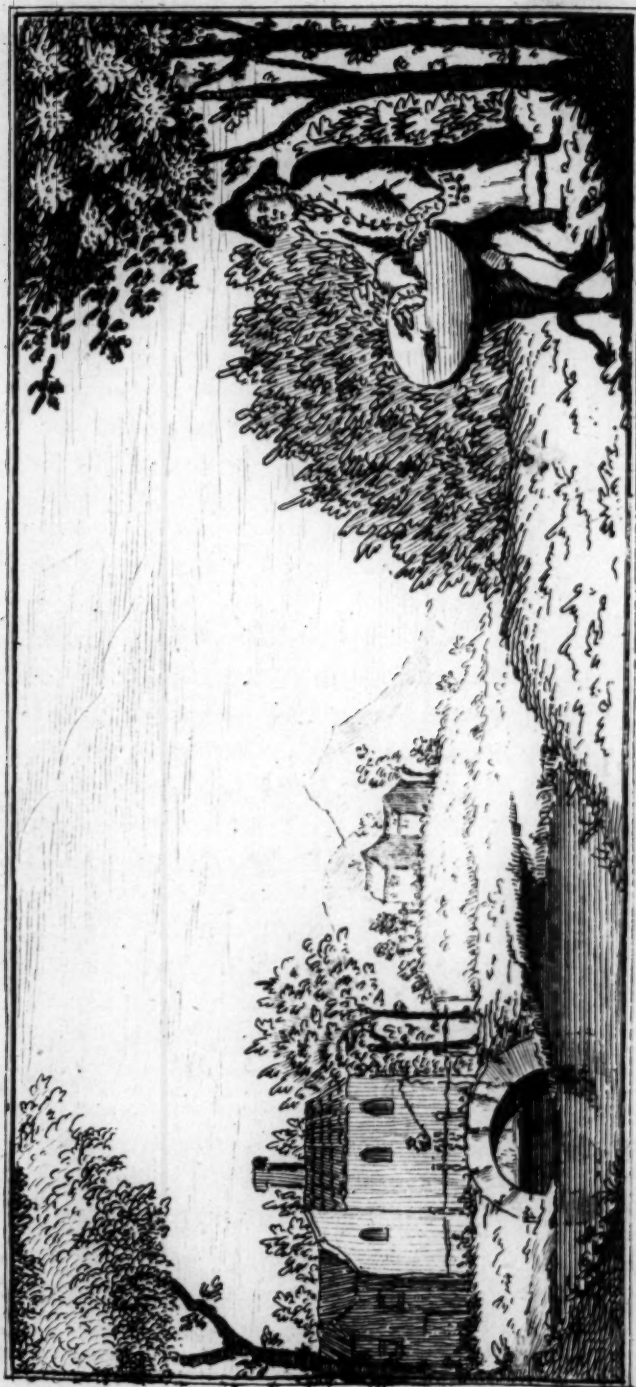
TEN months after *Florimet* happen'd to wed,
And was brought in a laudable manner to bed;
She warbled her groans with so charining a voice,
That one half of the parish was stun'd with the
noise.

But when *Florimet* deign'd to lie privately in,
Ten months before she and her spouse were a kin;
She chose with such prudence her pangs to conceal,
That her nurse, nay her midwife, scarce heard her
once squeal. [lives.

Learn, husbands, from hence, for the peace of your
That maids make not half such a tumult as wives.

64





FACETIOUS REPARTEES.

A Living of 500 *l. per Annum* falling in the Gift of the late Lord Chancellor T---b---t, Sir R----- W----- recommended one of his Friends as very deserving of the Benefice, whom his Lordship approv'd of. In the Interim, the Curate, who had serv'd the last Incumbent many Years for poor 30 *l. per Annum*. came up with a Petition sign'd by many of the Inhabitants, testifying his good Behaviour, setting forth that he had a Wife and seven Children to maintain, and begging his Lordship would stand his Friend, that he might be continued in his Curacy; and, in Consideration of his large Family, if he could prevail with the next Incumbent to add 10 *l.* a Year, he should for ever pray. — His Lordship, according to his usual Goodness, promis'd to use his utmost Endeavours to serve him; and the Reverend Gentleman, for whom the Living was design'd, coming soon after to pay his Respects, my Lord told him the Affair of the Curate, with this Difference only, that he should allow him 60 *l.* a Year instead of 30 *l.* The Parson, in some Confusion, repli'd, He was sorry that he could not grant his Request, for that he had promis'd the Curacy to another, and that he could not go back from his Word, *How!* says my Lord, *have you promised the Curacy before you was possess'd of the Living!* Well, to keep your Word with your Friend, if you please, I'll give him the Curacy, but the Living, I assure you, I shall give to another: And saying this, he left him. The next Day the poor Curate coming to know his Destiny, my Lord told him, That he had used his Endeavours to serve him as to the Curacy, but with no Success, the Reverend Gentleman having disposed of it before. The Cu-

66 *The* THEATRE of WIT: Or,

rate with a deep Sigh return'd his Lordship Thanks, for his Goodness, and was going to withdraw, when my Lord calling him back, said with a Smile, *Well, my Friend, 'tis true I have it not in my Power to give you the Curacy, but if you will accept of the Living, 'tis at your Service.* The Curate almost surpriz'd to Death with Joy, in the most moving Expressions of Gratitude return'd his Lordship Thanks whose Goodness had in a Moment rais'd him and his Family from a necessitous Condition to a comfortable State of Life.

Tom Clarke of *St. John's* desired a Fellow of the same College to lend him *Bishop Burnet's History of the Reformation*; the other told him, He could not spare it out of his Chamber, but, if he pleas'd, he might come there and read in it all Day long: Some Time after the same Gentleman sends to *Tom*, to borrow his Bellows, *Tom* sent him Word, That he could not possibly spare them out of his Chamber, but he might come there and use them all Day long if he would.

A Welch Funeral S E R M O N.

Preach'd at CLANGOTHAN.

Tearly beloved Pretheren,

I Am come here among you to make a craet Preachment upon that tead pody, my Text it is in the Seen and Twentieh Chapter of the *Maccabees* the ferse inteed I cannot now very well remember, but I am sure it is there, de Words, be deese, *Fichilata et Orata*, dat is to say, Watch and Pray, and I will stick to my Text I will warrant you,

Our craet Cranfather *Adam* was made a fery good old Man inteed Truth was he and dwelt in Cotts own house in Paratice, and a Brave Place,

A BANQUET of the MUSES. 67

I will warrant you it was, he had esery thing Provided to his hand, he need no buy so much as noggin Piggin or a spoon, he haet beloved Apple-trees, Pear-Trees, Plum-Trees, Cherry-Trees and Cottling-Trees; and all sort of Trees: But for want of a good take heed he was fallen, ah! how was he fallen! why, I will tell you how he was fallen.

Our creat Cranmother *Eve*, Pox and Cott take her for a Plaguy pagage; must go a rambling and changling from Home, and cou't not stay at Home with her own Husband, but did rop an Orchard, the Devil shewt the way, for if there be any Mischief about the Devil, the Woman must have a Finger in the Pye; so she came home and perswaded her own Husband to Eat some of her stolen Aple: It was great Mercy of Cod, it did not stick in hur throat, and choak him, after she proves with Child, and was brot to bet with a fine poy, and called his Name I cannot now fery well remember, Oh! Dear, it was *Cain* ah! *Cain* was it, he was a prave Ladt, but an unlucky Rogue like his Mother; and another little time after, that she proves with Child agen and was Brought to bet of another Bravé Boy, and called his Name Apell, this was a fery cood Ladt, for he did stick to part o. my Text, he did pray, and had he watched too before Cot, his Brother *Cain* had never come behind his Pack and knockt out his Prains: This was a murdering Villan, so he was Opliged to overrun his Country, and got himself a Wife in a strange Land; which taught him strange tricks, I will warrant you.

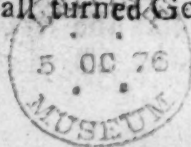
Thus you see beloved, how the Sin of Roppery and Murder came upon the Earth; and Prout a heavy shugment upon the World: What you think that was, I will tell you, it Prout those
Parcell

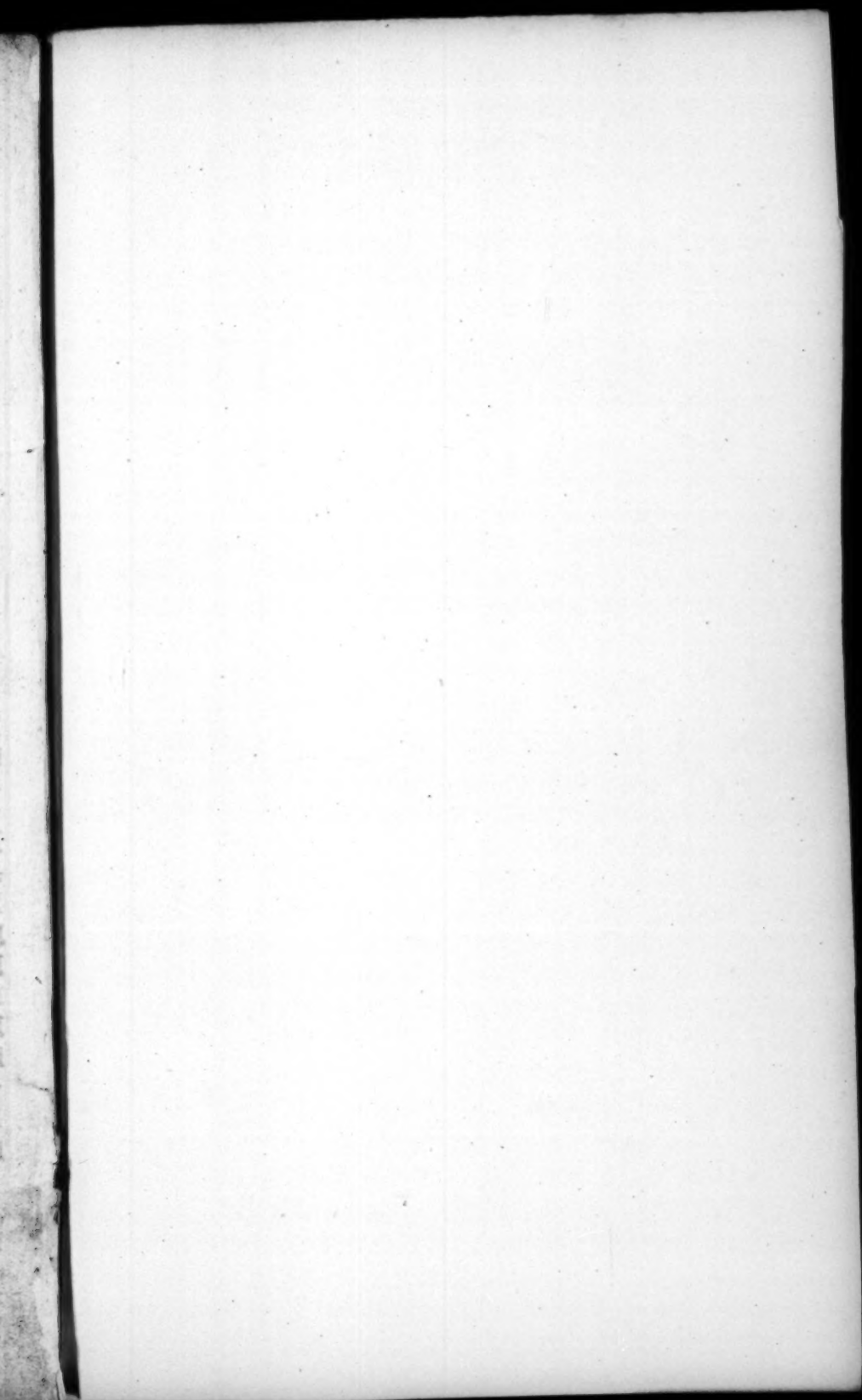
68 *The* THEATRE of WIT: Or,

Parcell of Plaguy Lawyers, Attorneys, and Bump Bailly's to Rop the People and keep their Estates, and Mony all themselves.

But after this, there came another in upon the Earth; and prout a heavier Shugment upon the World: What you think that was, I will tell you, it was the Sin of Trunkennes; for Cot's sake beware of trinker too much, for our Creat Cranfather *Noah*, had no sooner scaped scowring in the Ark, and gott safe to Land agen, but he went to the first Ale-House he could find, and there he set trink, trink all Day long, and all Night, and then came home so trunck and abuse his Family.

This Sin of Trunkennes belovet brought a heavier Shugment than all the rest: And what a plaguy Shugment do you think it provet; why I will tell you, it prot these Destroying Locust, those consuming Catapillers, those Hellish Vermin, these cursed Egyptian Plagues joined all together: Excisemen and Customhouse-Officers, to prey into esery noke, and poke for every trop of goet Trink, Cott Confound them all: and from them (*Livra nos Dominus*) that is to say, Lord deliver us in the dreadful Day of Shugment, in the terrible Day of Shugment, when the Pastors shall be called to give account, for the Sheep delivered to their Charge: And I you pour unwor-ry Parson of *Clangothan*, shall be called to give an account for the Sheep delivered to my Sharge; and when the Lard calls I will not speak, and when he calls a second time, I will not answer, when he calls a third time; I will say as Old *Eli* bid *Samuel*, On, say Lord, for thy Servant heareth: And when he asketh for the Sheep delivered to my Sharge before Cor, I will tell him flat and plain, you are all turned Goats. *Amen.*









PASTORELLA,

A DESCRIPTION of the SEASONS.

S P R I N G.

A SPIRING *Phæbus*, who alone can
warm
The chilly breast, and teach the Muse to
charm,
Assist my theme with thy inspiring ray,
While I begin the sweet enchanting lay;
In rural verse attempting to declare
The varying seasons of the rolling year.

Now lovely *Spring* assumes her early sway,
And hills and dales the vernal call obey;
The purling brooks, by hoary winter bound,
Declare their freedom in a murm'ring sound:
The fields, which lately wore a sickly green,
Are in their brightest, *livel'st* verdure seen;
Aspiring tulips rear their sprightly heads,
And violets glitter on their leafy beds:
All nature feels the sun's enliv'ning ray,
And birds rejoice on every blooming spray;

B

Th'

Th' industr'ous farmer early quits his bed,
 Well pleas'd to find old hoary Winter fled :
 Rouses from sleep his long unactive swains,
 To early labour on the neighb'ring plains ;
 Who strait appear, with gay and healthy mien,
 Their scrip well fill'd, they whistle o'er the green :
 With lusty steeds to ply the loosen'd plough,
 Which long lay useless, cover'd o'er with snow.
 The curious Master o'er the level strides,
 With measur'd steps the fallow ground divides ;
 Then dextrous, with his pointed Staff, proceeds
 From the clog'd share to push obstructing weeds :
 With careful eye the winding combe surveys,
 Plies his broad foot, till all compleatly lays
 Like finish'd work, beneath the artist's hand,
 The shining plough-share brightens all the land.
 The seed's-man next advancing o'er the plain,
 With lib'ral hand displays th' appointed grain ;
 Nor far behind the pointed harrows come,
 With harsher sound, and shuts the teeming womb.

The lab'rer done, he leaves to bounteous heaven,
 Who has a time to every purpose given,
 With soft'ning dews, and gentle show'rs of rain,
 The earth to cherish, and to swell the grain ;
 Which quickly shall in brighter glory rise,
 To bless the lab'ers toil, a grateful prize.

The gladden'd farmer once again surveys
 His fruitful fields, and wheresoe'er he strays
 Unbounded Nature charms his ravish'd sight,
 From diff'rent closures diff'rent scenes delight :
 Here lowing cows, there fat'ning oxen pass,
 And wanton fillies roll in clover grass :
 There blading corn o'erspreads the fruitful ground,
 And flow'ry meads diffuse their sweets around.

On

On mossy banks, beneath a quiv'ring shade,
 The watchful shepherd tunes his oaten reed ;
 Brisk lads and lassies all the ev'ning long
 Tell pleasant tales, and sing a merry song :
 Or, join'd together in a jovial train,
 They dance and play upon the flow'ry plain.

But now, my muse, in softer strains remove,
 Thro' fragrant vales, and seek the vocal grove,
 Where feather'd troops, a gay unnumber'd throng,
 Harmonious join in one continued song :
 Sing how their love's in soothing strains exprest
 Their haunts, and how each forms her artful nest.

When first the soul of love begins to warm,
 Each little heart enliven'd feels the charm,
 Plume the gay wing, eager to try again,
 With chearful note, the long-forgotten strain.
 The soaring lark from the green meadow springs,
 Pois'd in mid-air his early carol sings ;
 The tuneful nation from the grove within
 Observe his call, their chearful songs begin.
 The black-bird whistles from the thorny bush,
 And from the maple top the warbling thrush ;
 The wood-lark o'er the wide contending throng,
 Superior heard, with its melodious song.
 The finch and linnets strain their little throats,
 And fill the grove with their harmonious notes ;
 While th' elegiac nightingale prepares
 Her mellow song, and sinks in solemn airs,
 Nor quits so soon her much delighted test :
 While others slumber on their peaceful nest,
 She still prolongs the sweet enchanting lay,
 And makes the night melodious as the day.
 The rook, the daw, and hollow cuckoo's song,
 With their harsh pipes discordant join along.

'Tis love creates this melody, and love
This waste of music thro' the ecchoing grove.
To birds and beasts, as well as nobler man,
Unerring nature never works in vain,
But teaches them the pleasing soothing art,
Each to his mate his passion to impart.

Agreed and coupled, to the woods or meads,
They take their flight just where their fancy leads ;
Each loving pair to different parts remove ;
Some to the thicket, some the shady grove ;
Some the cleft tree with twisting ivy hung,
Seek a protection for their feeble young.
Others remote, far in the grassy meads,
Or distant hedge-rows, shelter'd round with weeds ;
Some in the bank, where winding rivers stray,
Whose murmur soothes them all the live long day.

Their station fixt, away they eager fly,
What restless motions through the busy sky :
With twigs of trees, dry leaves, and moss and lome,
Lay the foundation of each slender dome :
Awhile the fabrick seems but slight and thin,
Till with much labour made complete within.
A thousand busy wings again arise,
This steals a feather, and away she flies ;
And that a straw, while others boldly dare
From the sheep's back to pluck the growing hair :
Thus, by degrees, with wool and hair entwin'd,
The wond'rous structure grows compleatly lin'd ;
Within, without, quite finish'd, dry and warm ;
No human artist can the like perform.

In pleas'd embrace now each lov'd couple meets,
Till the fair dam her tale of eggs compleats,
Who

Who then as chearful to her task submits,
 With steady patience thus assiduous sits;
 Unmov'd by hunger, or by smooth delight,
 Nor ruffling winds, nor tempests her affright;
 While ceaseless warbling from some distant spray,
 Her lover sooths the tedious hours away.

The appointed time fulfill'd, with pious care,
 Warm'd into life the callow young appear;
 Their bondage broke, the little helpless brood
 With constant clamour gape, demanding food;
 What passions then, of joy and pious care
 Seize the glad parents, who affection bare
 To their lov'd young, the most delicious bait,
 With equal pains their cravings chearful wait.
 Thus have I known a poor but gentle pair,
 By fortune sunk, and overwhelm'd with care;
 Oft, as for food their craving infants call,
 Check their own appetites, and give them all.

O! may the care of providence defend
 The pretty warblers from the school-boy's hand,
 Or prying clowns, whose barbarous design,
 From boundless air, and liberty, confine
 The pretty slaves, destin'd to narrow cage,
 Their plumage dull, and dull their warbling rage.
 Alas! what shocks the astonish'd parents feel,
 When back returning with their loaden bill,
 By some rude hand their gaping young ones wrest,
 And find (if any) but a vacant nest.
 Quick to the ground the vain provision goes,
 Their ruff'd pinions their sad grief disclose,
 And the grove echoes to their winding woes.
 But, if propitious to their happier fate,
 Indulgent heaven gives a longer date,

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The feather'd young their narrow bounds despise,
 And seek the free possession of the skies ;
 On some warm ev'nnings sunny glade they rove,
 Where balmy zephyrs fan the waving grove ;
 The flutt'ring tribe with yellow lustre bright,
 Look round the space, and fix their wings for flight ;
 From bough to bough the little wantons fly,
 But resolution fails the void to try :
 Th' instructive parents both entice and chide,
 Then hop before them, as a proper guide,
 Further and further, till they boldly dare,
 The self-taught wing, and trust the fleeting air ;
 The acquitted parents joy to see them soar,
 Take their last look, and never see them more.
 The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,
 Another love succeeds, another race.

While thus the gentle tenants of the grove,
 In sweet recess indulge their purer love,
 The rougher world, the brutal beasts below,
 Rush furious, and with fiercer passions glow.
 The lusty bull, and the hot trembling steed,
 Pursue their loves with unresisted speed :
 While numbers more, obscure from common eye,
 Feel the warm god, and plunge into the joy.

These, nature's laws, th' Almighty Hand has
 giv'n,
 That each may fill the circle made by heav'n.



S U M M E R.

10







S U M M E R.

T H' advancing *Summer* now demands my lay,
 She comes, fair goddess, deck'd in bright array;
 The rich carnation, and the damask rose,
 The spicy pink, with numbers more, compose
 The fragrant wreath that binds her radiant head;
 Where all around their spangled glories spread:
 Ten thousand balmy sweets luxuriant rise,
 Feast ev'ry sense, and charm the ravish'd eyes.

O haste, my muse, to some inviting glade,
 Where spreading elms compose a friendly shade,
 Where murmuring rivers gently glide along,
 There, undisturb'd, enjoy thy rural song.

Hail glorious *Season*! happy *Britons*, view
 What copious stores your God bestows on you;
 While other swains in distant climates roam,
 O'er barren fields, distress'd of food and home.
 Prone o'er the east, the god of day behold,
 Rejoicing comes, illum'd with streams of gold;
 The clouds disperse, all nature smiles around,
 And mountain tops are with green herbage crown'd.

Now scorching *Sol* his sultry influence spreads,
 And wither'd flow'rs decline their languid heads;
 The brooks glide slowly, and the ripen'd grass
 Demand th' assistance of each lad and lass.
 Industrious swains their crooked weapons wield,
 Of her rich vest prepar'd to strip the field,

Stroke

Stroke after stroke they eagerly proceed,
 'Till all in winding swaths we view the mead ;
 And while around the scorching sun-beams play,
 Forth comes a throng to make the parching hay ;
 Close, and more close, they gather it as it dries,
 'Till all in pleasing rows the cocks arise :
 The nymphs and swains now skip and frolick round,
 And whistling carters clear th' incumber'd ground.

The meads dismantled of their gaudy dyes,
 The fertile garden next attracts our eyes ;
 Where, all around, plenty luxuriant grows,
 Here sprouting coleworts spread in equal rows ;
 There 'sparagus shoot hasty from their beds,
 And colliflowers disclose their snowy heads.

On leafy vines the green cucumber swells,
 And ruddy melons glow beneath their bells.
 On laden stalks uprears the downy bean,
 And just below the creeping peas are seen ;
 While some more worthy on th' assisting pole,
 Shoot up aloft, and overtop the whole :
 The curious bees around the garden roam,
 Extracting sweets from ev'ry opening bloom.
 Their laden thighs w' th' golden treasure swells,
 Who thus convey it to their waxen cells.

But see at eve, while the industrious swarm
 Dispose their wealthy stores, not dreaming harm,
 Hard-hearted man the sulph'rous death contrive,
 Fix'd o'er the clod, behold the vapour'd hive ;
 While sudden up th' oppressive steams arise,
 And robb'd, and murder'd, lies a thousand lives.

So sordid misers oft procure their fate,
 Whose touchless treasures prove th' alluring bait.

Here locust-bands o'er all green herbage rove,
 And thousands of minuter armies move,

The

The Grass-hopper, more blest than sons of kings,
 There sipping dew, he chearful sips and sings.
 His early carols joyful mortals hear,
 The faithful prophet of the rip'ning year.
 While thousands of minuter armies move,
 And locust bands o'er all green herbage rove,
 Disrobe each spreading plant, 'till sick and cloy'd,
 Destroying all, at last themselves destroy'd.

Now glowing *Phæbus*, glitt'ring god of day,
 Darts o'er the teaming earth his scorching ray,
 Fermenting fruits his rip'ning beams refine,
 Which on the laden boughs alluring shine :
 Here blushing trees with crimson cherries glow,
 And there the swelling codlin loads the bough ;
 While up aloft, tempting the gazer's view,
 The Catharine pears their painted blushes shew.
 Hot *Julius* now advances o'er the plain,
 And rip'ning *August* bears her spangled train :
 In her right-hand the golden Wheat is held,
 T'other a plate with blushing Plenty fill'd.
 The *Dog-star* too begins to mount on high,
 With sultry breath infects the southern sky,
 To cooling streams the panting herds retreat,
 There try to shun the noon-day's scorching heat ;
 The fainting nymphs frequent the cooling floods,
 And swelter'd swains retire to shady woods ;
 Where leafy bowers exclude the melting day,
 And balmy breezes all around 'em play ;
 Where bub'ling brooks flow murmur as they glide,
 And warbling birds are heard on ev'ry side.
 But see from 'far the varied scene arise,
 Unusual darkness broods the low'ry skies,
 In awful gloom uniting clouds declare,
 The boiling tempest and the wat'ry war.

Now sighing winds in gentle murmurs rouze,
 Curl the green wave, and rustle thro' the boughs :
 The gazing herds awhile refrain their food,
 And croaking ravens seek the shelt'ring wood ;
 The silent birds their tuneful songs deny,
 And trembling swains to rocky caverns fly :
 Near, and more near, the hov'ring storm impends,
 Now rattling hail and pouring rain descends ;
 Loud thunder roars, the winds tempestuous fly,
 And forked lightning gleams along the sky :
 Clap after clap, till spent its raging force,
 Then rumbling onward, lessens in its course ;
 At length bright *Sol* again his beams display,
 Heav'n's face grows clear, and ev'ry thing looks gay.

Supinely plac'd beneath the quiv'ring shade,
 Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
 The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
 Intent, his angle trembles in his hand ;
 With looks unmov'd, he hopes the scaly fry,
 And marks the dancing cork with steady eye.

'Tis here at liberty the happy swain
 Or breathes his vows, or speaks his tender pain ;
 'Tis here the modest nymph his flame approves,
 Throws off restraint, and blushing owns, she loves :
 Their honest hearts no false intentions know,
 With generous warmth their faithful bosoms glow.
 True love they taste, as innocence they prize,
 And scorn deceit, as void of all disguise.
 Far different views the courtier's breast inspire,
 Deluded by ambition's restless fire ;
 No joys he feels, which scenes like these bestow,
 Nor tastes the purest pleasures felt below.

A U T U M N.

14







A U T U M N.

NO more the glories of the blooming spring,
 No more of *Summer's* gaudy pride I sing;
 But richer stores describe in alter'd lays,
 As milder *Autumn's* various scenes I trace.
 The yellow harvest now o'erspreads the ground,
 Of diff'rent sorts, by bounteous *Ceres* crown'd;
 With joy the farmer views his fields, afar,
 And calls his soldiers to the sylvan war.
 Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
 And nights dim curtains down to westward fly,
 Before the ripen'd field, in fair array,
 Eager to prove the labour of the day,
 The reapers stand; first view with careful eyes
 The corn; to see which way th' advantage lies:
 The ablest man then claims the foremost place,
 Lord of the band, begins the sportive race.

Now all proceed, and swell the lusty sheaves,
 Eager at first, each breast for victor heaves;
 With rapid pace their crooked weapons move,
 Strain ev'ry nerve as stroke for stroke they give:
 With rural tales the hours unheaded fly,
 Till all the slaughter'd fields in ruin lie.
 The master joyful strides across the plains,
 Shocks up the bulky sheaves, and hopes his gains;
 With conscious glance oft casts his eyes around,
 Where prattling gleaners spread the stubble-ground:
 Then waits intent, till chearful from afar,
 His whistling swains appear and rattling car;

The fight of which adds pleasure to his joys ;
And, then for loading each his strength employs.

The humble barn is now with plenty stow'd,
And joyful home they bear the latest load.
The harvest in, and every thing compleat,
The master bids them to the annual treat ;
Where decent plenty crowns the jovial board
With the best food the village doth afford ;
Their cares to lessen, and their minds to chear,
The foaming goblet flows with humming beer :
Then hearty laughs and rural jests go round,
Their toils forgot, with joy their labour crown'd.

Now milder *August* *Julius*' heat succeeds,
And in the new-shorn fields the partridge feeds ;
The vig'rous swains the thickest Woods beset,
Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.
Before his lord the ready spaniel bounds,
Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds ;
And when the tainted gales the game betray,
Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey ;
'Till hov'ring o'er 'em, far extended lies
The swelling net, they seize the dainty prize.
Or if by chance they from the covert spring,
And mount exulting on triumphant wing,
Short is their joy ; they feel the fiery wound,
Flutt'ring in blood, they panting beat the ground.
O barb'rous sport ! with more delight, my muse
Alive and well each happy native views.

Hence, quickly bear me to yon hazel-glade,
Where curling wood-bines weave a knotty shade,
Where winding brooks pour down the steepy dale,
And pass in rapid force from vale to vale ;
Thither, in haste, ye happy nymphs, repair,
The fruitful wood-lands now invite you there ;
Where, 'midst the shade, your lover plucks for you,
The clust'ring store from off the top-most bough,
Or

Or shakes them ripen'd from the yielding hulls,
Brown as your hair the glossy shower falls ;
Then on the bank supinely plac'd you sit,
And share the scaly fruit with pleasing chat.

Now from the court, where royal *Jove* abides,
The delegated *Season* gently glides,
Sublimely plac'd in *Bacchus*' golden car,
Whose costly gems conspicuous shine afar ;
His twining ivy crowns her radiant head,
And clust'ring grapes around her temples spread ;
Whose mantling stores the iv'ry brim o'erflow,
And plenty fills her wealthy lap below ;
With blushing fruits of most delicious taste,
By sun-beams kiss'd, the laden boughs are grac'd :
Here juicy grapes on twisting branches crawl,
There downy peaches glow against the wall ;
The bloomy plumb assumes a purple hue,
And ruddy neck'rins tempt the trav'ler's view.
The dainty feast the greedy peasant eyes,
And 'gainst the wall th' assisting ladder plies ;
The luscious fruit from off the branch he crops,
While some too ripe, for want of picking, drops.

Happy the swain who lives a rural life,
In humble cott, secure from noise and strife,
Far from the tumults of the jarring town,
Where ceaseless clamours ev'ry pleasure drown.
Whose fields with bread, whose flocks at once afford
Sufficient plenty for his back and board.
He lives above the angry frowns of fate,
Beneath the cares that tend upon the great ;
No guilty love annoys his peaceful breast,
Nor thoughts of lawless gain disturbs his rest ;
Lays down in quiet, does as peaceful rise,
And pays to heav'n his early sacrifice.

W I N T E R.



W I N T E R.

NOW Winter comes, prone o'er the barren plains,
 Sullen and sad, with all his shiv'ring trains ;
 From northern climes cogenial horrors rise,
 Thick clouds and vapours shroud the gloomy skies :
 All nature shrinks beneath th' oppressive weight,
 And distant *Phæbus* yields no chearing heat.
 The fields and meads, which late appear'd so green,
 Are now become one sad unpleasing scene ;
 Roots, plants, and herbs, have their true virtue lost,
 And leafless Trees are tipp'd with silver frost.
 The groves are still, the feather'd warbling throngs,
 Benumb'd with cold, neglect their tuneful songs.
 With icy chains each lake and river's bound,
 And crystal fountains cease their bubbling sound.
 The hills and vales, and the delightful woods,
 The flowry plains, and silver-streaming floods,
 By snow disguis'd, in bright confusion lie,
 And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye.
 For many a league the bright enamell'd main
 Displays itself into a glassy plain ;
 Here vent'rous youths o'er frozen billows throng,
 And there the nimble scaters wave along ;
 Swift on the polish'd steel they smoothly glide,
 Less swift the gally cuts the foaming tide.

Now piercing winds and rattling storms of hail,
 Blown furious on, in driving sheets assail,
 Swift o'er the plains pursue their cruel race,
 And deeply wound the tugging traveller's face.

In





In flutt'ring clouds the feather'd meteor flies,
 With fallies gentle from the thicken'd skies;
 Her fleecy limb the silver'd garments press,
 And tatter'd garbs appear a splendid dress.

So have I seen, in a clear winter-night,
 With glowing fires, the sky serene and bright;
 While the broad moon her fainter beams display,
 Silver'd the gentle *Thames* with trembling ray;
 When sudden a keen eastern breeze arose,
 And the clear rolling stream, unfullied, froze.
 Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,
 The ruddy morn disclos'd at once to view,
 The fall of nature in a rich disguise,
 And brighten'd ev'ry object to my eyes:
 For ev'ry shrub, and ev'ry blade of grass,
 And ev'ry pointed thorn, seem'd wrought in glass.
 In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,
 While thro' the ice the crimson berries glow.
 The thick sprung reeds the flabby marshes yield
 Seem polish'd lances in a hostile field.
 The stag in limpid currents with surprise,
 Sees chrystal branches on his forehead rise.
 The spreading oak, the beach, and tow'ring pine,
 Glaz'd over, in the freezing æther shine.
 The frightened birds the ratling branches shun,
 That wave and glisten in the distant sun.
 When if a sudden gust of wind arise,
 The brittle forest into atoms flies:
 A spangled shower from every tree descends,
 And the bright scene in costly ruin ends.
 Or if a southern gale the region warm,
 And by degrees unbinds the wint'ry charm,
 The trav'ler then a miry country sees,
 And journeys sad beneath the dropping trees.

Now moist *Arcturus* clouds the azure sky,
 And woods, and fields, their pleasing toils deny:

To plains, with well-breath'd bugles, we repair,
 And trace the mazes of the timorous hare.
 Beasts, urg'd by us, their fellow-beasts pursue,
 And learn of man each other to undo.

With slaught'ring gun th' unweary'd fowler roves,
 Where frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves ;
 There doves in flocks the leafless trees o'ershade,
 And lonely woodcocks haunt the watry glade ;
 He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye,
 A short-liv'd thunder breaks the frozen sky ;
 The flutt'ring mark soon feels the leaden death,
 Welt'ring in blood, resign their feeble breath.

Now from the slaughter'd fields the swains return,
 To well-spread hearths where glowing billets burn ;
 Each jocund friend, the converse to refine
 With social jest, puts round the sparkling wine,
 Due mirth t' infuse in every generous soul,
 And crown the glass, and fill the flowing bowl.
 The rigid season now they quite forget,
 Recount their toils, and warm'd with generous heat,
 Unheeded hear the rustling storm aloof,
 Pour down impiteous o'er the humble roof.

Now have I trac'd the fleeting seasons round,
 Gay, flow'ry *spring*, hot *summer* richly crown'd ;
 Declining *autumn*, deck'd with fading green,
 And hoary *winter* shuts the closing scene.

Deluded man, from hence your end descry,
 As round and round the varying seasons fly.
 That moving pow'r, which first produc'd the whole,
 To every thing has fix'd a certain goal :
 Thither all tend, and must their circles run,
 For such the order, when the whole begun :
 Like leaves, the verdure of the summer-sun.

}

20







THE
SHEPHERD'S DAY:
IN FOUR
PASTORAL DIALOGUES.

FIRST DIALOGUE.

COLLY and MENELLO.

JUST o'er the eastern hills the blushing morn
Had spread her wings, and chas'd away the
Dawn;

The wakeful Lark, from dewy meadows sprung,
Pois'd in mid-air, his joy'ous mattins sung.
Two youthful swains in friendship firmly join'd,
Beneath the shadow of a beech reclin'd;
Whose spreading boughs a grateful Arbour made,
'Gainst piercing sun-beams that around 'em play'd:
A proper place the muses to invoke,
When to his Part'ner thus MENELLO spoke:

MENELLO.

Why sit we mute and pensive on the ground,
Each Landskip's gay with spangled beauty crown'd;
Our flocks and herds on luscious herbage feed,
And gaudy Flow'rs o'erspread the verdant mead:
See yellow Cowslips rear their sprightly Heads,
And Vi'lets glitter on their leafy beds;

D

Me-

Melodious birds salute the welcome Spring,
All nature smiles, shall not the Shepherds sing?

COLLY.

My voice is weak, you know, and yesterday
Some pilf'ring vagrant stole my flute away :
Begin you first, dear swain, your pipe is clear,
And I'll thy song with due attention hear.

MENELLO.

Oh! COLLY, cease, no more reject my choice,
Or plead thy stolen flute, or feeble voice ;
Let other youths stake wagers on their strains ;
True love alone shall recompence our pains.

COLLY.

Then sing by turns, we'll both alternate hear,
You bright *Letitia*, I of *Sylvia* fair ;
And *Dabinal*, if you approve the swain,
The featest lout of all the neighb'ring plain
For piping well, well skill'd in sonnet-verse,
Let him be judge, while we our songs rehearse.

MENELLO.

Agreed, kind swain, thy choice I well approve,
Then I'll begin, inspir'd by her I love.
The warbling birds their artless songs repeat,
The smiling trees are cloath'd with blossoms sweet,
The fields with grass, the banks with cowslips gay,
And Hawthorns whiten at th' approach of *May*.
But what are those with *Letty* to compare ?
More sweet than cowslips, than the hawthorn fair ;
Their gaudy pride but for a *Summer* lasts :
Soon as fierce *Winter* drives his northern blasts
Their *Verdure's* gone, their beauties all decay ;
But with *Letitia* 'tis for ever *May*.

COLLY.

COLLY.

My giddy heifers frisk it o'er the ground,
 My skipping goats o'er craggy Hillocks bound,
 My snowy lambs at wanton gambols play,
 And chirping sparrows hop from spray to spray.
 But what are those with *Silvia* to compare,
Silvia, when dancing at a country-fair?
 Not sparrows, lambkins, goats, or heifers bound,
 With half that lightness *Silvia's* feet go round.
 Those for a season brisk and gay appear,
 But my fair *Silvia's* sprightly all the year.

MENELLO.

Not scorching sun-beams to the farmer's eye,
 When grass new-mown is scatter'd round to dry;
 Nor crystal streams to trav'lers faint with heat,
 Yield half such pleasures as *Letitia* sweet.

COLLY.

Not *April* showers to the thirsty ground,
 Nor a fleg'd birds-nest by the school-boy found,
 Nor holidays to youth more pleasing are,
 Than to my sight the charming *Silvia* fair.

MENELLO.

The ruddy neet'rin, and the downy peach,
 Oft grace the plenteous tables of the rich;
 But my *Letitia* the green wilding loves,
 Its acid juice before the peach approves.
 Since she loves wildings, peaches I'll dispraise,
 And for *Letitia* rows of wildings raise.

COLLY.

Without strong ale, or rich canary-wine,
 Our dainty landlord never cares to dine;

But my fair *Silvia* loves the native juice,
Which pippins bruise'd, with water mixt, produce :
Since she loves cyder, I'll despise their wine,
And drink with *Silvia* Cyder when we dine.

M E N E L L O.

Two turtle doves I caught in yonder shade,
Which I a present to *Letitia* made :
She took the Off'ring, and my pleasing toil
Amplly rewarded with a grateful smile.

C O L L Y.

'Twas yesterday, in yonder winding meads,
Where nature her exuberant beauty spreads,
With sweetest flowers I a garland wrought,
And to fair *Silvia* as a present brought :
With gentle hand she took the gaudy store,
And gave a pleasing smile, I sought no more.

D O B I N A L to M E N E L L O.

May thy *Letitia*, from each cooing dove,
Learn what true pleasure flows from constant love :
Constant and chaste as these may she remain,
And ever smiling, bless her faithful swain.

To C O L L Y.

And may thy *Silvia* (though her garland fades,
Which late you gather'd in yon fragrant meads)
For ever bloom, still kind and constant prove,
To bless thy days with joy and lasting love.



SECOND DIALOGUE.

The LOITERERS.

THE Sun now mounting to the noon of day,
 Shot o'er the verdant plains his scorching ray,
 When with their flocks the shepherds sought the
 shade

Where spreading oaks a friendly arbour made :
 There, while they sat to pass the loit'ring time,
 As fancy led, each form'd his tale in rhyme.
 Some tell the joys, and some the pains of love,
 And some the cause why spirits walk, would prove ;
 How Will-i'-th'-wisp misleads night-faring clowns,
 O'er hills and dales, and pathless boggy grounds :
 Last *Buskin* speaks, none *Buskin* can excel
 In artful guise, he thus began the rural tale.

BUSKIN.

When shepherds flourish'd in *Eliza's* reign,
 In great esteem there liv'd a jolly swain,
 Young *Tollonet*, who well could pipe and sing,
 And by his notes invite the lagging spring ;
 Where'er he play'd the swains around him throng,
 And birds attentive flock'd to hear his song.
 Plac'd on a bank where *Thames'* clear waters stray,
 Retir'd from noise, he pour'd th' enchanting lay.
 Perch'd on a tree, within a neighb'ring grove,
 Sweet *Philomela* warbled out her love ;

Struck

Struck with unusual notes, she quits her shed,
 And in a moment perches o'er his head :
 She tun'd her note, and emulate with pride,
 Like eccho, to the shepherd's pipe reply'd.
 This odd vagary pleas'd th' admiring swain,
 Who meant to try her with his varying strain.
 From hole to hole his nimble fingers fly,
 To ev'ry touch the ready notes comply ;
 As nimbly she resolves the vary'd song,
 In evolutions from her warbling tongue :
 To all his vary'd strains she shapes her throat,
 And adds peculiar grace to ev'ry note.
 He draws his breath, his rising blast to fill ;
 Thro' all the Grove his pipe was heard to thrill.
 Deep in her throat the length'ning sounds arise,
 And swift and slow they change with sweet surprize.

The wond'ring swain in deep attention fix'd,
 Both by his rival and himself perplex'd,
 Admires the harmony, and where it flows,
 From whence such numerous modulation rose.
 In loftier flights again attempts to rise,
 And bolder now, the warbling flute he plies ;
 From key to key the bounding ecchoes fly,
 And in innumerable raptures load the sky ;
 Takes a vast scope, and fills the spacious round,
 And proudly triumphs in unequal sound.
 She, who already wonders had perform'd,
 Her glowing breast still with ambition warm'd,
 Makes a last effort all her strength to try,
 Intent to conquer, or resolv'd to die ;
 In vain the combat she again renews,
 In vain the complicated Song pursues ;
 Puzzled and lost in labyrinths of sound,
 As in a whirl of rapt'rous music drown'd :

Un-

Unequal to the mighty task, she fails,
 Tho' great her courage, *Collin's* pipe prevails;
 Reluctant yields a triumph hardly won,
 And gives one deep melodious dying groan:
 Drops from the bough, resigns her fleeting breath,
 And by her *vigor* gains a glorious death.

Thus ended *Collin*, while the glowing sun
 Had scarce two thirds his radiant circuit run.



THIRD DIALOGUE.

The DITTY.

HOBBIN and CUDDY.

TWO swains beneath the covert of a rock,
 While o'er their Heads securely graz'd their
 flock,

In homely strains resolv'd their voice to raise,
 And sing alternate in sonorous lays.

HOBBIN.

I love in secret an endearing maid,
 And have my love in secret all repaid;
 This coming night she does reserve for me,
 Divine the name, and thou the victor be.

CUDDY.

Mild as the lamb, and harmless as the dove,
 True as the turtle is the maid I love;
 How we in secret court I shall not say,
 Divine her name, and I give up the day.

HOBBIN.

H O B B I N.

Soft, on a violet-bank, my love and I
Together sat, a Brook ran murm'ring by ;
A thousand tender things to me she said,
And I a thousand tender things repaid.

C U D D Y.

In summer-shade, beneath the cocking hay,
What soft endearing words did she not say ?
With apron blue her lap she kindly spread,
And stroak'd my cheeks, and lull'd my leaning head.

H O B B I N.

Breath soft, ye winds, ye waters gently flow ;
Shield her, ye Trees, ye flow'rs around her grow ;
Ye swains, I beg you, pass in silence by ;
My love in yonder vale asleep does lie.

C U D D Y.

Once *Delia* slept, on easy moss reclin'd,
Her lovely limbs half bare, and rude the wind ;
I smooth'd her coats, and stole a silent kiss :
Condemn me, Shepherd, if I did amiss.

H O B B I N.

As *Marian* bath'd, by chance I pass'd by ;
She blush'd, and at me cast a side-long eye :
Then swift beneath the crystal wave she try'd
Her beauteous form, but all in vain, to hide.

C U D D Y.

As I to cool me bath'd one sultry day,
Behind the hedge fond *Lydia* lurking lay ;
The wanton laugh'd, and seem'd in haste to fly,
Yet often stopp'd, and often turn'd her eye.

H O B B I N.

H O B B I N.

When first I saw, would I had never seen,
Young *Lyfen* lead the dance on yonder green,
Intent upon her beauty, as she mov'd,
Poor heedless Wretch, at unawares I lov'd.

C U D D Y.

When *Lucy* decks with flow'rs her swelling breast,
And on her elbow leans, dissembling rest;
Unable to refrain my giddy mind,
Nor, sheep nor pasture worth my care I find.

H O B B I N.

Come *Rosalinda*, come ! for without thee
What pleasure can the country have for me?
Come *Rosalinda*, come ! my brinded kine,
My snowy lambs, my farm and all is thine.

C U D D Y.

Come *Rosalind*, beneath these shady bowers,
Here are cool fountains, and sweet springing flowers:
Come lovely maid, here ever let us stay,
And sweetly waste our live-long time away.

H O B B I N.

O that like *Colin* I had skill in rhimes,
To purchase credit with succeeding times !
Then I like him who never yet had peer,
Would sing through all the seasons of the year.



FOURTH DIALOGUE.

COLLY and DAMON.

AS *Damon*, happiest of the *Sylvan* train,
 Led forth his flock along the smiling plain,
 Upon a bank where beachen boughs display
 Their friendly shade, despairing *Colly* lay :
 His crook and pipe flung careless on the ground,
 His bleating flocks were scattered all around ;
 As tho' in pity to his sad despair
 The clouds mov'd heavy thro' the ambient air :
 A sudden gloom was o'er the welkin spread,
 And blushing *Phæbus* veil'd his radiant Head ;
 The birds sat silent on each blooming spray,
 While wanton Zephyrs bore his sighs away.

Damon with gentle steps approach'd the tree,
 In deep surprize this sudden change to see ;
 With pity mov'd, he view'd his heaving breast,
 And to the swain these soothing words express'd :

D A M O N.

What change is this, alas ! dear Shepherd say,
 O'erclouds thy face, which late appear'd so gay ?
 What woful cause disturbs thy throbbing breast ?
 Thou best companion, and of friends the best :
 Say, has some greedy fox devour'd thy lambs ?
 Or some fierce mastiff kill'd their fleecy dams ?
 Or is the fair, the charming *Silvia* dead ?
 Oh ! what's the cause so many tears you shed.

He

He rais'd his head with a dejected look,
And sighing, thus the mournful shepherd spoke:

COLLY.

Right hast thou nam'd, nor needest longer pause,
Thy last spoke words contain the fatal cause;
Silvia, of all the plain the fairest she,
Alas! she's dead, for ever dead to me;
While absence drew me from her longing arms,
She to another swain resign'd her charms.

DAMON.

Come rise, dear shepherd, cease thy mournful strains,
See gath'ring clouds foreshew ensuing rains:
Hark, from afar, yon sooty raven's cry
Betokens rain, our flocks for shelter fly.
Let us from hence to closer shades retreat,
And when 'tis fair, th' unfinish'd tale repeat.

Scarce had he spoke e'er the descending Rain,
With rapid fury, smook'd along the plain;
Down each descent increasing Torrents flow'd,
And empty bubbles o'er its surface rode.
The clouds disperse, soft *Zephyrs* glide along,
And joyous birds renew the warbling song;
The shelter'd swains from dropping trees return,
And *Colly* thus rehears'd his piteous moan:

COLLY.

As down the lane this morn I cast an eye,
Across the path a hare came skipping by;
This scarce was past, when with ill-boding croak,
A sooty crow sat perch'd on yonder oak;
Such idle omens I but little mind,
Much less I thought of *Silvia* b'ing unkind.

DAMON.

D A M O N.

Ah ! silly youth ! since she rejects thy flame,
Scorn the proud scorner, and forget the name.

C O L L Y.

I can't forget, when *Silvia* once was kind,
What pleasing fancies revell'd in my mind ;
While on the plain I watch'd my fleecy care,
And tun'd my flute with sweet melodious air,
My grazing sheep would list'ning round me throng,
And warbling linnets imitate the song :
All nature smil'd, the fields look'd fresh and gay,
And *Silvia* too then smil'd as well as they.

D A M O N.

Ah ! silly shepherd ? what avails those charms,
Now circled in another lubber's arms.

C O L L Y.

Those are the comforts lately I possess'd,
When I with *Silvia*'s constantly was bless'd :
But since she's false, those charms I late approv'd
Shall be as hateful now, as once belov'd.

But see, dear shepherd, yonder ruddy skies,
Damp vapours fall, unwholsome fogs arise ;
Back to their fold our bleating flock retreats,
And *Philomel* alone her song repeats :
Each silent bird enjoys her humble nest,
And golden *Phæbus* gently sinks to rest.

Let us retire : Farewel, ye flow'ry plains ;
Farewel, ye nymphs ; farewel, ye shepherd swains ;
Farewel, ye flocks, false *Silvia* too adieu ;
Since thou'rt inconstant, why should I be true ?



The YOUTH RECLAIM'D; *or* -

Nine o'Clock : A P O E M.

A h envious hour ! unpleasant to my ear,
 Thou fatal messenger of anxious fear,
 Wilt thou to teaze me thus still persevere?
 Say what's my fault, what have I done to thee,
 To merit thy perpetual enmity?
 Where'er I go, in pleasure to beguile
 Corroding cares, and ease my daily toil,
 With evening mirth ; before I'm well begun,
 Thou bring'st thy dreaded summons to have done.
 Ungrateful hour ! ah whither shall I fly !
 Whither retire, to loose thy company ?
 Where'er I go, yet thou art always nigh.
 Thou, like a restless ghost, my steps dost trace,
 And haunt'st me every night, from place to place:
 Cease, cease thy knell, thy hasty wheels restrain,
 Why should'st thou take delight in others pain ?-
 But hark--- even while I pray thee to forbear,
 Thy awful clang comes thund'ring in mine ear ;
 Then since 'tis so, I'll try what force can do ;
 Force makes the stubborn knee to yield and bow,
 Force bends the headstrong bullock to the yoke,
 And 'tis by force the mettled steed is broke ;
 Force keepeth savages in dens confin'd,
 Who else (like thee) would triumph o'er mankind;
 Force therefore shall thy spiteful course controul,
 And stop thy noise so odious to my soul.

Thus then I come, rash tyrant, unto thee,
 To force thee hence, as thou hast done by me ;
 Quickly depart, I do conjure thee — fly —
 Be gone for ever from my company,
 Hated intruder !— nay, I'll stop thy course,
 With bolts and bars, and keep thee out by force,

*

No

No open chink or cranny shall be found,
 To give a passage to thy dismal sound ;
 And when thou seek'st admittance, with disdain,
 And scornful words, I'll send thee back again,
 Saying, ' get the gone thou that delight'st to bear }
 Unwelcome news, go learn to prate elsewhere }
 Thy heavy tale, for thou'rt excluded here.'
 If this suffice not, farther still I'll go,
 And give thy great machine it's fatal blow ;
 Thy nimble-paced wheels I will confound,
 And bring thy lofty fabrick to the ground ;
 Thy cruel hand that gives the fatal stroke,
 And it's malignant bell shall both be broke,
 Rather than that my youthful joys shall be
 Thus limited, restrain'd, and curb'd by thee,
 Hard-hearted wretch !--but hark--what do I hear !
 It's voice again strikes my astonisht ear.

Alas my weak resistance how it spurns !
 Derides my threats, and still again returns,
 Regardless of reproof ; breaking it's way
 In spite of force, and still will have the sway.
 What then is to be done ? shall I submit,
 And thus resign the conquest unto it ?
 Shall I throw up my arms, and basely bow ?--
 No, I will try what subtle art can do ;
 Art has a secret power to prevail
 Over mens minds, when brutal force doth fail.
 Thus he, who did the *Hydra's* fury quell,
 And dragg'd the monster *Cerberus* from hell,
 Whose mighty strength no mortal force cou'd tame
 By art expired in the fatal flame.
Ulysses's art the champion's arms did gain,
 Whilst all the force of *Ajax* proved vain.
 E'en famous *Troy* by art was sack'd also,
 While force in vain, long sought it's overthrow. }
 And what is there, that cunning art can't do ? }

This

This therefore lastly shall my claim defend,
 And crown the contest with a glorious end.
 Then hear me, gentle hour, oh hear me speak
 My second thoughts, for hasty, rash and weak
 My first conceptions are, until by thee
 They're ripen'd into full maturity,
 Fit to be heard, alas thou dost disdain,
 Not knowing me, for else thou wouldst refrain
 To wound a friend, then view me well, and know
 Who 'tis that sues to thee ; I am no foe,
 No drowsy sot, whose sole delight's his glass,
 Regardless how thy precious minutes pass
 In vain and unimprov'd : Neither am I
 A fordid wretch, to sensuality
 And pleasures given, whom no moments please,
 But those in venery, and slothful ease,
 Ignobly spent : Nor do I waste the day,
 Like beaus, in dressing for the park and play ;
 Who love their own dear selves too well to spare
 Thee (whom they know not how to use) a share
 In their affections. None of those am I,
 That thus abuse, or vainly let thee fly ;
 Whom I so love, whom I so much esteem,
 That every moment of my time I deem
 A monument of mercy, and I do
 Far nobler ends and purposes pursue ;
 By thee I study to enrich the mind,
 To exalt the soul, and make it more refin'd
 By contemplation ; as the farmer's found
 With care to till and cultivate his ground.
 Such use I make of thee, and oft withal,
 The bounteous gift of heaven thee I call.
 Offspring of gods ! most valuable gem.
 Beyond the worth of gold or diadem.
 The blest procurer of all future bliss,
 To wretched men the source of happiness ;
 The best revealer, and instructor wise,
 That bring'st to light all dark obscurities,

And

And teachest knowledge, thou the balmy sweet,
 That dost our wishes and desires compleat.
 Thus oft I greet thee, and what time I do
 My harmless pastimes and delights pursue,
 Is but when tired with embracing thee,
 That I may fitter for thy service be,
 When I'm refresh'd ; this is my whole design,
 O then let this short space be call'd mine,
 To spend at will. But wherefore thus do I
 Intreat for what tyrants would not deny,
 Their servile slaves ; then far be it from thee,
 The choicest, best of Heaven's progeny !
 That thou shouldst thus my blooming years annoy
 By robbing me of every youthful joy
 Which tyrants grant ; then don't, ah don't return
 For my respect, thy utmost wrath and scorn.
 But if thou needs must strike, thy sound convey
 To those, who've long lamented thy delay :
 Are there not many bound in fetters strong,
 That in their anguish have invoc'd thee long
 To end their woes, saying, come and set us free,
 Come wished hour, and end our misery :
 Release thou them, whose sorrows are so great,
 And grant my youthful joys a longer date.
 Yet hark ! methinks again I hear it's knell,
 And lo the watchman, with his doleful yell
 Proclaims it true, what wilt thou nothing hear ;
 Will no persuasions move thee to forbear.
 Ah no ! alas both force and art it mocks,
 As fixt as fate, or unrelenting rocks.
 Then thus I will the controversy end,
 I'll shun late hours, which unto ruin tend ;
 And e'ery night when thy kind warning's come,
 I'll end my pastimes. and betake me home :
 And hence I'll to thy good advice attend,
 Ever esteeming thee my dearest friend,
 Which keeps me from those hidden rocks, whereon
 Thousands unwary youths have been undone.